NOVEMBER 30, 1973
60 CENTS

Murray Kempton on
Rockefeller, Reagan and [illegible]ally

NEW TIMES

The Republicans: Is there a way out?

Why the president of Diners Club wants to buy a million used American Express cards.

If you have an American Express card and don't have a Diners Club card, you may be missing more than you realize.

Because, around the world, Diners Club is honored at 75,000* more places than American Express. (Carte Blanche is a distant third.)

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*Figures based on direct comparison of latest published Diners Club and American Express directories.

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Home Address | Street | City | State | ZIP Code

Years at Present Address | Own Home ☐ Rent ☐ | Telephone (include area code) | Number of Dependent Children | Social Security Number

Previous Home Address | Street | City | State | ZIP Code | Years there

3. Firm Name or Employer | Nature of Business | Position

Address | Street | City | State | ZIP Code

Telephone (include area code) | Years with firm | Annual Earnings $ | NOTE: If annual earnings are less than $10,000 indicate source of other income below

Amount and Source of other income

Previous Employer (if employed by above less than 3 years) or College/University if Recent Graduate | Yrs. with firm or yr. graduated

Spouse's Employer | Address | Position | Annual Earnings $

Name and Address of Personal Reference (not living with you)

4. Name of Bank | City & State | Acct. Number

Type of Account: ☐ Checking ☐ Savings ☐ Loan

Name of Bank | City & State | Acct. Number

Type of Account: ☐ Checking ☐ Savings ☐ Loan

Department Store Accounts

1. _____
2. _____

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1. _____
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24 28 34 26

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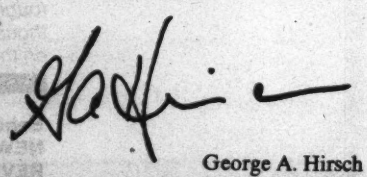
BEHIND THE SCENES

Wallace Roberts

Besides the bylined articles that contribute to the NEW TIMES report on the future of the post-Watergate Republican party, there are a number of shorter profiles of young GOP hopefuls—and these are the work of NEW TIMES correspondents around the country. Among those who reported and wrote these stories are: Madeleine Blais, who works for *Women's Wear Daily* in Boston and is the Cambridge correspondent; Margaret W. Freivogel, a reporter for the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*; Richard Edmonds, who covers education for the Winston-Salem *Journal*; Wallace Roberts, a Washington freelance writer whose work has appeared in *The New Republic* and *The Washington Monthly*; Tom Andrzejewski of the Cleveland *Plain-Dealer*; Joe Nawrozki of the Baltimore *News-American*; and Frank Denton, a reporter for the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Chicago *Sun-Times* staffer Roger Simon also contributed a report.

I'd also like to call your attention to George Richmond's article about how he taught poverty-level elementary-school kids math, reading and economics by turning the classroom into a Monopoly-like game called "Micro-Economy." This is the first of a number of articles NEW TIMES will run from time to time under the general heading of "For a Better America." Stories that appear under this banner do not pretend to be sweeping solutions to the chronic social ills of today—corruption, racism and the inequities of the economy—but are intended to show models that are working and could offer hope for meaningful changes in this country.



George A. Hirsch

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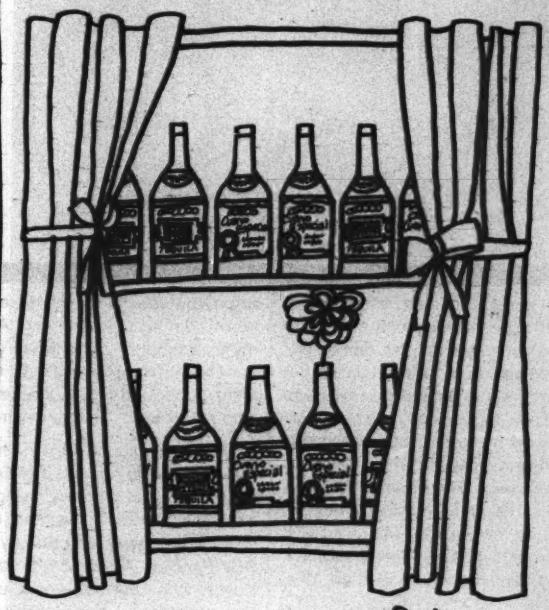
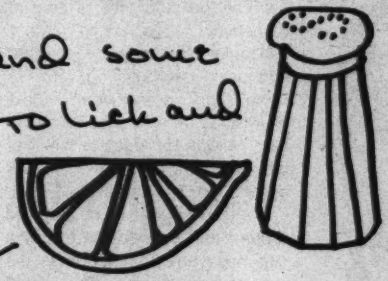
I like to count the bottles in my window

by Marylee



I've got thirteen bottles of Cuervo on my window sill now (and some more in the closet on the floor). the way they got that way is from just taking a little in a shot glass and some to lick and salt then chew on a lime



for special weekends when we all get together to talk about life and things we make Jose Cuervo Sunrises with a little Cuervo Tequila, orange juice and then a splash of grenadine to settle to the bottom and it's really nice looking.

my favorite Cuervo Especial!

my Jose Cuervo candlestick

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The Insider

THE WORD

The President's little music box

The fighting in the Middle East was reaching a fever pitch, Kissinger was flying from Moscow to Tel Aviv, Nixon had declared a worldwide U.S. military alert. And

Uganda's General Amin

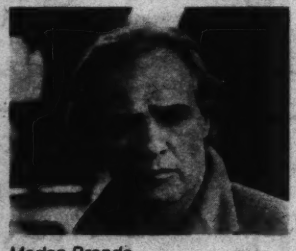
pacing around his presidential palace in Uganda, General Idi Amin finally reached a decision: "I must come to the aid of my Arab neighbors." With that, the African dictator flew to the fighting zone to offer the full services of his 16,000-man army.

His reception in Jordan and Syria was less than ecstatic. He arrived in his personal jet—an Israeli-built Westwind—for which the general still owes Israel Aircraft Corporation nearly a million dollars. Pinned to his beribboned breast was a pair of honorary wings—awarded to him in friendlier days by the Israeli Parachute Corps. The two Arab countries politely declined his offer.

Dane Clark, the veteran movie actor, had been invited to a White House function with a party of celebrities. President Nixon, of course, was occupied with other important matters, but the party was ushered around for a tour. On the second floor the President rushed by do his way to catch a helicopter. Suddenly he stopped and came back, saying, "You're Dane Clark, aren't you?" Clark allowed as he was. The President said he was too busy to talk, but why didn't Clark have a look around the Oval Office.

Clark went in, looked around and opened the top of a little music box. To his surprise, the box started playing. The song? "Hail to the Chief."

Marlon Brando, who has been turning down more roles these days than Cary Grant—including a repeat performance in Godfather II—has decided to return to the screen in an Indian-oriented west-



Marlon Brando

ern. Brando will co-produce, help write the screenplay, and star as Kit Carson.

In the pre-game ceremonies at the recent USC-Stanford football game, Stanford's band marched onto the field and made the following formation: USC 6-0. The USC home crowd was a bit confused, but most assumed it was Stanford's pessimistic forecast of the final outcome of the game. But then an announcer boomed out that the formation was a salute to the six former USC students tarnished by Watergate (presumably Chapin, Strachan, Segretti, Kalmbach Haldeman and Ziegler). The idea had been dreamed up by the Stanford Marching Unit Thinkers (SMUT). Needless to say, the fans booed, and then USC went on to win, 27 to 26.

When the Chicago Seven filed back into federal court this month for a new hearing on their contempt charges, U.S. District Court Judge Edward Gignoux threw out more than half the charges right away. Gignoux is not hostile to the antiwar movement. His own son became a conscientious objector three years ago, and just before the judge set off for Chicago, he ruled on the case of a self-exiled draft evader who had returned from Canada. Gignoux's decision: the young man's draft board had erred in not giving him a fair hearing on his CO claims.

"Something had to be done because there must be discipline," declared offended Houston Mayor Louis Welch. The mayor had just suspended fire fighter William E. Love who, angered that policemen had received a higher pay raise than firemen, had written his councilman a letter in which he called the mayor "Screwy Louie." Larry McKaskle, the councilman, said he would not have forwarded the letter to the mayor had he read it. The last word was had by McKaskle's colleague, Councilman Johnny Goyen: "My first thought is that it's funny. My second thought is that when you call the mayor 'Screwy Louie,' don't put it in writing. And my third thought is that when you want to call him 'Screwy Louie' in a letter, don't send it to a councilman who will forward it to the mayor."

David Bowie, supposedly the hottest rock star to come out of England since Elton John, is proving to be somewhat of a bummer, despite all the hyped-up publicity by RCA Records. A few months back, Bowie, who capitalizes on a very femme, bisexual act, announced he would no longer perform in

English rock star David Bowie

public. Apparently the reason is that he is a rotten draw. During his first U.S. tour, RCA guaranteed Bowie that his tour would not lose money, something quite common in the business. The tour ended up losing several hundred thousand dollars. When Bowie asked that the company guarantee his second tour, RCA said no.

There's gold in that band.

In the United States today, there are approximately 30 million working women. Of these, an astonishing 78% are married. Compared to all women, this working group is younger, better educated, more affluent and better prospects for most goods and services.

A fact of great interest to advertisers is that these working women tend to be light TV viewers and heavy magazine readers. (e.g. 45% watch no daytime TV at all).

A point worth making is that working women constitute more than half of TIME's 9 million female readers and this audience represents the highest concentration of working women among the major women's magazines.

If you are marketing a product of particular interest to women, you should find much to interest you in a new study prepared by TIME marketing. This report examines in detail the growth, income, buying patterns and media habits of the working woman.

Copies of THE WORKING WOMAN may be had by writing to: Time Information Center, Room 11-28D, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

TIME

Where ideas get response

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A while back we introduced a nice, simple drink called the Adam's Apple.
Apparently our Adam's Apple was too simple. People couldn't resist the temptation to complicate it. That's O.K. with us. One guy we know made it a short drink so there'd be room in his tall glass for apple slices and cinnamon sticks.
We've heard of people adding cloves, nutmeg, lemon juice, even crushed mint.
Is there no end to this madness? We certainly hope not.
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POWER POLITICS

Jockeying for Sen. Gurney's seat; Herb Klein's media tour; A Kennedy-McGovern fight in Colorado

The Insider: Politics

Following the "Saturday Night Massacre" in the White House, President Nixon came perilously close to precipitating a full-scale desertion by his own party. One Republican Senator, Ed Brooke of Massachusetts, said it would be better for the country if he stepped down. And at this point five Republican Senators—Percy, Javits, Mathias, Hatfield and Aiken—agreed to draw up a statement calling for Nixon's resignation unless he took several specific steps to clear up Watergate: approve an independent court-appointed special prosecutor; give thorough disclosure on the tapes, his personal finances and his relationship with Bebe Rebozo; and appoint a White House advisor with the independence, credibility and impeccable reputation of a Sherman Adams.

As it turned out, the statement was never issued. The senators couldn't agree on a final version, Aiken decided to make his own statement, and Nixon initiated his effort to massage Republican feelings around the country.

Sen. Edward Gurney

As the Justice Department winds up its investigation into alleged kickback charges inside Sen. Edward Gurney's Florida office, political observers in the state are wondering whether it will kill Gurney's political future. Some indictments or plea bargaining with former Gurney associates is expected within a month, but whether Gurney himself will be named is still uncertain.

Several Florida Democratic politicians have already begun talking about who Gov. Ruben Askew, a Democrat, might name as a replacement for Gurney should he be indicted. The feeling is that Askew would avoid both the state's Attorney General Bob Shevin and Miami state legislator Richard Pettigrew, two Democrats who are already lining up support to run for Gurney's seat next year. Instead, it is thought Askew would name a temporary caretaker, such as the state's Democratic Party Chairman Jon Moyles, to avoid the intramural party struggle.

Bess Myerson

Bess Myerson, former Miss America and Consumer Affairs Commissioner for New York City, is thinking seriously about running against Jacob Javits for his Senate seat next year. Some important businessmen and Jewish leaders have been putting considerable pressure on her to run, and so far she has not said no. His age, 69, and identification with the administration may give Javits, once considered unbeatable, more trouble than he can handle.

A heated replay of the Bobby Kennedy-Eugene McCarthy feud among liberal Democrats is shaping up next year in Colorado. Only this time it will be the Kennedy forces versus the McGovern people. Joe Dolan, Kennedy's former administrative aide, announced last May he would run for the Democratic nomination against incumbent Sen. Peter Dominick. Now George McGovern's campaign manager Gary Hart has just announced he too will run for the Democratic nomination. The bitterness between the two camps promises to match the 1968 primary battles following New Hampshire.

Herb Klein, formerly Nixon's director of communications and now vice president of Metromedia, has recently been traveling around the country talking with media executives. Ostensibly he's on tour for his company. But privately, he is reportedly sounding out the media men on a proposed series of intimate talk sessions with the President to patch up strained relations.

Peter Brennan is on his way out as Secretary of Labor. Brennan has been most unhappy since the Watergate evidence started piling up and he's been coming under tremendous pressure from old AFL-CIO cronies to bail out. He hastened his departure during the Cox crisis by being one of two Cabinet officers who flatly refused to speak up on behalf of Nixon. Brennan is expected to leave soon and John Dunlop of the Cost of Living Council is slated as his replacement.

Labor Secretary Peter Brennan

To get an idea how seriously Congress views the energy crisis, keep an eye on the vote to make daylight-saving time a year-round affair. Traditionally, to be anti-daylight saving has been the *sine qua non* of farm-area politicians. And since urban politicians need their support for other measures, they haven't pressed the issue. If Congress passes a lot of high-sounding emergency legislation, but ducks the daylight-saving issue, it suggests Congressmen believe the energy crisis can be ridden out on talk alone. If they axe the sacred time change, they're scared.

THE BOTTOM LINE

Big year for the oil companies; The establishment's answer to Nader; Soviet tourists lack "political maturity"

The Insider: Business

Since the government announced its new restrictions on aircraft-fuel consumption, there has been a 20 percent reduction in nationwide airline service. The airlines, which had been looking for an excuse to cut unprofitable flights for a long time, were delighted. But the aircraft manufacturing industry is worried. "God knows when we'll sell another airplane," says one manufacturing official. "The airlines can't fly the planes they've got, let alone any new ones."

Massive flight-crew layoffs, involving hundreds of pilots and support personnel in the larger airlines, are expected by next spring. And several airlines have already approached Douglas, Lockheed and Boeing to negotiate later delivery dates on planes they've ordered.

Inflation
Special!
17-room apartment overlooking East River. Originally built for Vincent Astor. Superb neighborhood. Luxurious appointments, all extras. Price—FREE

Inflation is clearly getting out of hand. In New York, this 17-room apartment was placed on the co-op market in 1967 at $225,000. And now it is about to be given away free. The reason: the co-op is saddled with the apartment's staggering annual maintenance charge: $40,471.

The nation's big oil producers continue to rumble about the "energy crisis," but the fact remains that they are on the way to their best year in history. The "Big Five" (Exxon, Texaco, Mobil, Gulf and Standard Oil of California) earned $2.5 billion for the first six months of 1973 alone. Top-rated Exxon netted more than $1 billion, a 48 percent gain over the previous year.

Incredibly, many of the oil companies say they are still dissatisfied. Despite a 28.1 percent earnings jump during the first half of this year, Texaco's chief executive Maurice F. Granville complains that "consolidated earnings are not yet yielding a satisfactory return on total assets and they are not adequate to generate the funds for steadily growing capital requirements."

Frederick Lichtman, president of the Society of Independent Gasoline Marketers of America, disagrees: "For years, return on investment for the oil industry has not been what it is for other manufacturing, but the depletion allowance is much greater for oil than for other industries.

"If you're inefficient," Lichtman says, pointing out that the industry's outmoded physical plant is a prime contributor to the low-return-on-investment problem, "you can't claim that the government, or the economy, or someone else owes you a greater return on your investment."

Professor James Windle of Purdue University is fast becoming the establishment's answer to Ralph Nader. Windle, who teaches management supervision and has a thriving consulting practice (one client is General Motors), contends that worker alienation and assembly-line boredom are merely an invention of the media. Windle is currently mounting a one-man crusade to prevent passage of the proposed $20 million Worker Alienation and Technical Assistance Act of 1973, a bill which would fund a study on how to make jobs more satisfying.

The free-wheeling spirit of East-West détente is filtering down from the Soviet leaders to the lowly, technocrat tourists—a fact which frankly upsets higher Soviet authorities. Recently the Soviet Georgian newspaper *Zarya Vostoka* lashed out at the disgraceful behavior of Russian tourists and their "lack of political maturity."

Among other things, the newspaper singled out the "shameful speculation of one Nougzar Kalandadze, a member of the Georgian commercial services, who took advantage of his stay in a Czech city to sell alcohol, cigarettes, transistor radios and watches; two Georgian physicians on a group tour in Egypt who engaged in a lucrative trade in cameras and electric appliances; and the director of a Georgian mining company who exchanged his Russian-made camera on a trip to Cuba for a pair of ladies shoes."

"It's the fastest-selling poster we've ever handled," says Bob Cenedella, the managing director of Yippy, Inc. For one month now his company has been distributing a blowup shot of Nixon and Agnew, waving happily to the crowd at the 1968 Republican Convention and wearing convict suits (a minor touch-up job). So far Yippy has unloaded 50,000 of the posters and Cenedella expects it will probably outsell his Nixon countdown calendar—a poster of the number of days left in Nixon's term superimposed over his face. That poster sold 100,000 copies in four months, and among the special orders were several prominent Senators and Congressmen.

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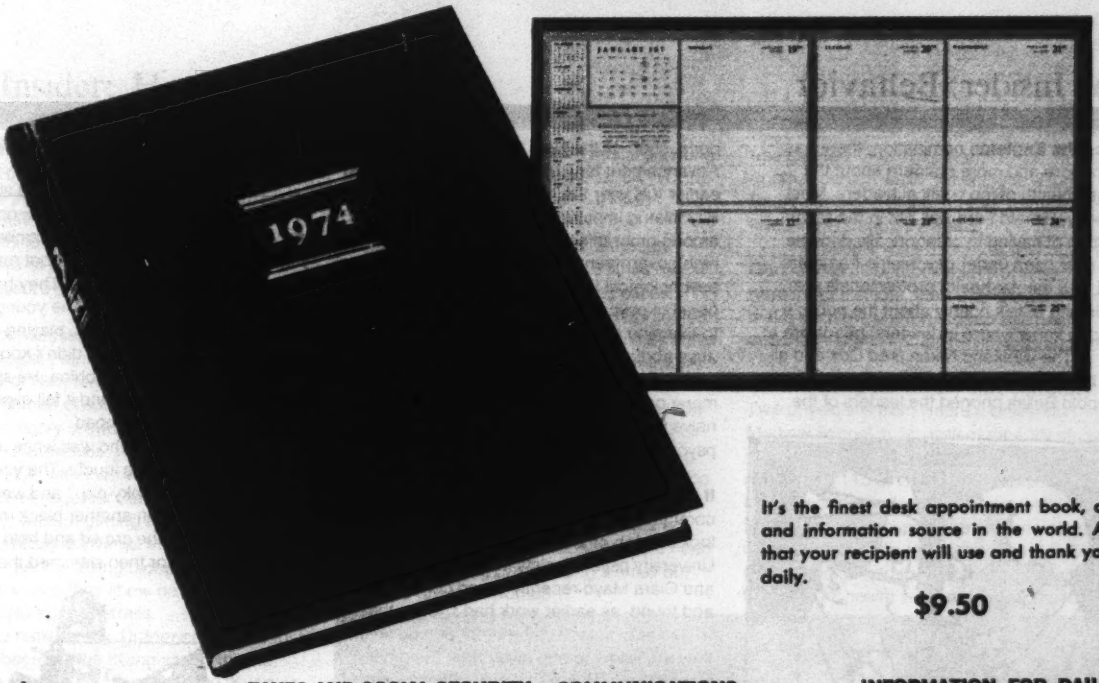

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THE SEVENTIES

Sex with class consciousness; The West Coast, remote-controlled, supermarket robot; Living together in Idaho

The Insider: Behavior

Since the Eagleton nomination, there has been more and more concern about the mental health of top political leaders. Most recently, Gerald Ford was put in the sorry position of having to categorically deny he had ever been under psychiatric treatment. And now mental-health professionals are beginning to talk openly about the public's need to know where its leaders' heads are at.

The weekend Nixon fired Cox and all hell broke loose, New York psychiatrist Leopold Bellak phoned the leaders of the

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARK FRANKEL

American Psychological, Psychiatric, and Psychoanalytic Associations and suggested that they get together to come up with a psychological assessment procedure for top political figures.

Leona Tyler, president of the American Psychological Association, said it was doubtful a group of mental-health professionals would ever agree on a procedure, much less a state-of-the-head message. Nevertheless, she does believe they could help the public take a closer look at published material to gauge a candidate's future behavior. "All that talk about the old Nixon and the new Nixon was just so much psychological nonsense," she says. "People change but not absolutely."

Other psychiatrists feel more should be done, such as the New York-based group, Advancement for Psychiatry, which published earlier this year the report, "The VIP with Psychiatric Impairment." It recommended, among other things, an annual checkup for all high government officials with an emphasis on psychological fitness, and a predesignated panel of psychiatrists who would be called in to examine a chief of state should a question arise about his mental capacity.

Clearly there is no consensus. And many professionals who see such schemes as naive think the issues involved are not psychiatric but political.

If whites and blacks have a hard time communicating, it may be because they don't look at each other at the same time. Boston University psychologists Marianne La France and Clara Mayo recently filmed conversations and found, as earlier work had shown, that whites tend to look at the other person when they are listening and away from the other when talking. But, with blacks, the process was reversed: the tendency was to look away when listening and to look at the other person when talking.

"For a Marxist-Leninist," wrote Angelo Arvati, the 30-year-old editor of the Italian Marxist-Leninist party newspaper, "sex must be talked about in public and conducted along political lines." With that, he lashed out at the failure of 70 percent of his party to live up to its new sexual guidelines. In a recently published manual the party leader Aldo Brandirali underlined the political importance of sexual harmony between party couples and warned against sexual intercourse more than once a day. "All that about virility and making love more than once a night is a bourgeois myth and reflects the theory that women are sex objects," Brandirali said. "Sex without class consciousness cannot give satisfaction even if it is repeated until infinity."

San Francisco—A supermarket on a crowded Saturday afternoon. A pack of cigarettes, four-feet tall, rolls around the aisles playing raucous music and extruding, now and then, a complementary pack of cigarettes from a slot in the top.

When we walked into the store we noticed the cigarette robot right away. We didn't like it. Its behavior was fairly complex: it followed people, side-stepped obstacles, and never offered up a pack unless it had a customer cornered.

We soon figured it was just a simple remote-control job. We spotted the operator standing slyly out of the way. He smiled at us. I yelled, "No thanks," and the robot rolled off to pursue a young black couple. They brushed it away, but it was persistent. The young man shoved it. It just circled back, playing music and pushing cigarettes. He didn't know there was a guy running the machine. He struck out at it with all his strength and it fell over, wheels whirring. The music stopped.

The operator, who was white, came storming over, cursing loudly. The young man came back with "honky pig," and was just about to swing when another black man elbowed through the crowd and held him back. The operator then slammed the young

black man in the face. He went down, bleeding from the mouth, semi-conscious.

Fifteen minutes later the crowd had dispersed, the cops had taken the young black man away with them, and the machine operator was nowhere to be seen. The robot lay where it had fallen. Somebody had turned it off.—Michael Goodwin

In 1877, Idaho passed a liberal common law marriage statute which allowed persons to declare themselves married without a preacher or civil officer. The pioneers often found themselves miles from such niceties of civilization. Now Chief Deputy Attorney General Clarence Suiter points out that the law is still on the books and that unmarried persons living together are, under Idaho law, actually married. Such couples, Suiter says, had better consider looking into divorce should they want to break up. Because, under the law, if they don't and get remarried, they would be guilty of bigamy.

ALIVE AND WELL

New data on coffee and heart attacks; Trafficking in blood; Crash diets can be maddening

The Insider: Health

The rush-hour subway crunch, the movie lines that circle not just the corner but the whole block, the domestic argument next door in the middle of the night, all are familiar nightmares for the urban dweller. But does the sheer press of people in the city raise the blood pressure and otherwise endanger one's health?

Not necessarily, according to anthropologist Patricia Draper of the University of New Mexico. In studies of the !Kung Bushmen of southern Africa she has found that highly crowded living conditions are not, in themselves, necessarily stressful. The !Kung live with their huts and hearths so tightly packed together that they have almost no privacy: without getting to their feet, one family can easily converse with another family next door. Yet the !Kung blood pressure remains low, and they show no other physiological signs of stress.

The reason? Ms. Draper concludes that it may be because the !Kung are so mobile. Unlike the modern city dweller, if the !Kung get tired of one set of neighbors, they simply pack up their few belongings and move to another village.

When Boston medical researchers reported earlier this year a possible link between drinking coffee and heart attacks, they scared hell out of virtually everyone who can't face the day until the third cup. But now some Oakland doctors from the Kaiser-Permanente Medical Center have come up with a new study and some consoling statistics. About 20 percent of heart-attack victims admitted to drinking more than six cups of coffee a day—but so did healthy people. "It certainly seems premature," the doctors conclude, "to add to the privations already inflicted on the actual or potential coronary-disease victim (Spartan diet, abstinence from tobacco, avoidance of slothful habits) by denying him the solace of his morning coffee."

It used to be relatively easy. Women either used the pill, an IUD or a diaphragm; men picked out their favorite brand-name condom. But choosing a means of birth control today—given the proliferation of different devices, drugs and accompanying "limitations"—is getting so complicated and risky that it is enough to make everyone go back to calculated withdrawal.

Now the FDA says it is ready to give limited approval to two controversial and long-studied drugs: the "morning after pill" (DES) and the injectable contraceptive (Depo Provera).

What's the catch? DES, although sometimes used to treat various kinds of cancer, may in certain rare cases cause cancer. And Depo Provera, which is injected by a physician every three months, may make some women infertile after the injections are stopped.

Both drugs are already on the market and have been used in emergency cases or experimentally for some time: the "morning after pill" for victims of rape and incest, Depo Provera for mentally retarded women. As FDA Commissioner Alexander Schmidt so tactfully put it: "There is a demonstrable need for this long-acting drug among a small but definable group of women."

ILLUSTRATION BY WARREN FEDULLO

Fargo, N.D., Municipal court judge Thomas Davies has begun offering minor traffic offenders a new choice: pay a $25 fine in cash or donate one pint of blood. Davies, who has been concerned about the town's chronic blood shortage, says that his only worry is that the blood dues may "screw up the court's bookkeeping."

How do you want to die? A chilling question, perhaps, but the Swedes have a way of probing into these kinds of things. Recently the Swedish magazine *Vecko-Journalen* put it to a number of prominent people—authors, actors, clergymen, politicians—and two-thirds of them said they wanted it quick and unexpected. One actor wants to die on stage; another person while "listening to a fugue by Bach;" and one of the authors wants to be killed in his sleep by a friend.

If people want to die this way, asks Dr. Gunnar Biorck of Stockholm's prestigious Karolinska Institute, then why should medicine make such great efforts to prevent heart diseases—which kill half its victims suddenly?

Crash dieting can literally drive you crazy. Two physicians from Hebrew University Medical School in Jerusalem recently studied 10 patients who became so severely disturbed after losing 110 to 240 pounds apiece that they needed psychiatric treatment. Nine of them had to be hospitalized and one ended up committing suicide. When the others stopped dieting and gained the weight back again, their mental health immediately improved.

One of the most sacred tenets of the medical profession—enshrined in the 2,300-year-old Hippocratic oath—is that physicians refrain "from any act of seduction of male or female." In a recent survey of doctors in Los Angeles County conducted by UCLA Psychiatrist Sheldon H. Kardener, nearly 90 percent still said they support the taboo on sex with patients, calling the idea "unforgivable" or "evidence of severe psychopathology in the physician."

But five percent admitted they did have sexual relations with patients—for therapeutic reasons, of course. One doctor said it "increases dreams" and another said it "improves sexual maladjustments."

THE NEW TIMES GUIDE TO THE

arts

At the movies

Executive Action. How could anyone make a dull film about Mark Lane's provocative JFK-assassination speculations? If you really want to know, here's your chance to find out. Director David Miller has blended a relentlessly uncompelling Dalton Trumbo screenplay with old news footage to build a conspiracy so passionless people who watch it might start believing the Warren Commission again. The late Robert Ryan, Will Geer and Burt Lancaster— good men all—walk through some interchangeable non-roles.

The Long Goodbye. Robert Altman's brilliant neon soul ballad for contemporary L.A., a frontier boom town gone bust. The director's inspiration for this highly original and striking vision is one of Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe novels—but this film has about as much in common with the detective genre as his *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* did with the western. Believe it or not, Elliott Gould is great as the rumpled and ill-shaven private eye: a quintessential Altman hero, full of humor and a constant, if fatalistic, sense of integrity.

The Way We Were. Arthur Laurents wrote and Sydney Pollack directed this lamentable *Strawberry Statement* for the blacklist generation. As junky as the film is, it holds your attention far longer than it should for the simple reason that stars Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford are great together—the erotic apotheosis of the Jew/goy couplings that have become a stock-in-trade of American movies.

Breezy. This picture, directed with extreme disinterest by Clint Eastwood from a screenplay by Jo Heims, actually asks us to ponder whether a 17-year-old "hippie" can find happiness with a jaded middle-aged real estate huckster in southern California. Good God! Star William Holden projects so much sincerity that his appearance here borders on the obscene. Among the supporting cast is a dog named Earle, playing a dog named Sir Love-A-Lot. Maybe someone should call the ASPCA.

Jonathan Livingston Seagull. A real-life nature film. Strictly for the birds and their most devoted watchers.

Charley Varrick. Don Siegel (*Invasion of the Body Snatchers; Madigan*) directed this largely exhilarating action movie. While there is still little room for uppity women and the formalities of search warrants in the director's scheme of things, this film's political slant is benign compared to the hard right-wing line of his last picture, *Dirty Harry*. Walter Matthau applies his best W.C. Fields-style irony to the title role, a bank-robbing crop duster who bills himself as "the last of the independents," naturally he turns out to be smarter than the Mafioso and sheriff's depu-

Jaded real-estate man William Holden with "hippie" Kay Lenz in Breezy: *Good God!*

ties who yap at his heels. Joe Don Baker makes a grim cowboy hit man and Woodrow Parfrey is a memorable bundle of nerves as a small-town banker. But Siegel's the reason for the film's success; he can make a movie move in ways directors like Furie (*Hit!*) and Zinneman (*Day of the Jackal*) can only dream about.

The All-American Boy. An incoherent and semi-pretentious account of one man's inability to decide between a boxing career and the freedom of being a loner. Director-writer Charles Eastman's attempt to capture the tone of the small-time sporting world is clumsy beyond belief—especially when compared to such recent efforts as Huston's *Fat City* and Johnson's *Last American Hero*. With Jon Voight.

Triple Echo. Director Michael Apted's film begins as a sleepy account of a pastoral romance between a British P O W wife (Glenda Jackson) and a young WW II Army deserter (Brian Deacon) whom she takes into her country cottage. But towards the end a nasty sergeant (Oliver Reed) appears and the movie plunges into such areas as transvestism and murder. The sudden switch is jarring, to say the least—kind of like tacking a rape scene onto the end of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*.

Five on the Black Hand Side. A truly refreshing and spirited comedy about a mainstream middle-class black family, adapted by Charlie L. Russell from his off-Broadway play. While the script is not without contrivances and director Oscar Williams hasn't solved all the problems of adapting a play to the screen, there is more than enough wit and warmth to go around. The gifted cast includes Leonard Johnson, Glynn Turman, Virginia Capers and D'Urville Martin. As a meek, middle-aged mom who goes in for women's lib, Clarice Taylor establishes herself as a comic actress to be reckoned with.

The Paper Chase. *Love Story* revisited minus the story. The setting is Harvard Law School, but most of the film was shot in Toronto. It might as well be Philadelphia for all this movie has to do with its environment or real people. Timothy Bottoms stars, and James Bridges takes credit for the screenplay and direction.

The New Land. Jan Troell's sequel to *The Emigrants*, in which the Swedes settle 19th century Minnesota. The characters are humorless and bland, but Troell's driving, visceral narrative makes the old legend powerful at times. Max von Sydow gives a performance of immense ambiguity and Liv Ullmann suffers a lot.

The Inheritor. A thriller by Philippe Labro (*Without Apparent Motive*), featuring the effortlessly suave Jean Paul Belmondo as a philandering press magnate caught in a web of neo-Nazi intrigue and murder. The film is so ambitious in its attempts to evoke Scott Fitzgerald and *Citizen Kane*, and in its gimmicky editing and stylish asides about magazine and TV journalism that the reasonably exciting story evaporates at times. But if you disregard the clutter, the movie's classy settings and wit will carry you along. The star gets good support from Carla Gravina, Jean Rochefort and the ubiquitous Charles Denner.

Robert Lansing, right, in the play The Father: *contemplating his impending madness.*

Day for Night. A disturbing, resonant and often hysterically funny comedy about movies and the people who make them. For director Francois Truffaut and star Jean-Pierre Leaud, this film is not only the summation of a remarkable long-time collaboration but one of its greatest triumphs.

Bang the Drum Slowly. A confused adaptation of the Mark Harris '50s baseball novel about a dying catcher and a pitcher who is his best friend. Director John Hancock never gets a real hold on the clubhouse milieu or the story and likes to substitute slow-motion "lyricism" for a close-up look at the characters and their sorrow. Phil Foster and Selma Diamond show up to do some pointless Borscht Belt *shtick*, but Robert De Niro, as the dumb but kind catcher, and Vincent Gardenia, a great character actor here cast as an eccentric baseball manager, make up for a lot.

Mean Streets. A film of decent intentions and real integrity about the ambiance and aspirations of Manhattan's Little Italy—a community that is here defined by a few bars, an old-world ethic and the Catholic Church. Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel play two on-the-make hoods with naturalistic flair, but director Martin Scorsese has not found a way to dramatize the tedium of his characters' existence without inflicting it on the audience.

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams. A menopausal couple attempts to come to terms with a rather conventional past, a homosexual son and their love for each other in this perfectly awful drama by Stewart Stern, who wrote *Rachel, Rachel*. Director Gilbert Cates tries desperately to come off as an American Ingmar Bergman, but this film has more in common with stale soap than with *Wild Strawberries*. Joanne Woodward and Martin Balsam struggle valiantly as the leads.

I.F. Stone's Weekly. Jerry Bruck Jr.'s documentary treatment of the life and times of a cranky, tireless and fearless man who is one of the great investigative reporters in the history of American journalism. The film is more than a story of heroism or a slice of recent history; it also gives real insights into the nuts-and-bolts devices of muckraking, without which Bernstein and Woodward could not have cracked Watergate.

At the theater

Veronica's Room. Not so much a "whodunnit" as a "whodunwhat." Arthur Kennedy and Eileen Heckart as aging necrophiliacs who snare victims in a somewhat clumsy web spun by Ira Levin (*Rosemary's Baby*). First class acting and a magnificent set rescue this made-for-television thriller.

The Father. Strindberg's largely autobiographical play raises without answering the question: Chauvinist or misogynist? The savage battle between husband and wife for supremacy employs all the venom and bite of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf*. No victor is clear—both are equally pitiable and detes-

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table. In this off-Broadway production by the Roundabout Theater, Robert Lansing provides one of the season's finest performances.

The Contractor. David Storey's improbable plot involves the raising and dismantling of a party tent. Barry Davis has choreographed rather than directed this off-Broadway revival by the Chelsea Theater. And together with outstanding ensemble playing, he succeeds in offering a production which should be around for some time.

Full Circle. Berlin, 1945. Against a background of exploding bombs, crumbling buildings and Gestapo machine-gun executions, Anna and Rohde rediscover love. Absurd? Yes, if not for the genius of director Otto Preminger and co-stars Bibi Andersson and Leonard (*Star Trek*) Nimroy. Adapted from a play by Erich Maria Remarque, *Full Circle* delivers strong theater despite its cliches.

In books

Marcella *by Marilyn Coffey* (Charterhouse Books, 240 pp., $6.95). Since 1946, Carson McCullers' F. Jasmine Addams (*The Member of the Wedding*) has been Grand Marshal of the female pubescent parade in American fiction. She had a terrible time in 1955 and 1964 when two male-trash fantasies (*Lolita* and *Candy*) showed up in drag, waving American flags and sucking solid gold Sugar Daddies. But F. Jasmine marches on because she remains a very real little girl, a very tender young woman. And, in this sense, Marcella Colby, the 15-year-old protagonist of Marilyn Coffey's first novel is like her. She's no Grand Marshal material (*Marcella* is a flawed, conventionally structured novel), but the kid's got real life. She's the best female masturbator in contemporary fiction; when Marcella masturbates, the book pulses. One scene, an attempt at self-mutilation in the basement of the Methodist Youth Fellowship, stands out as an extraordinary depiction of the relationship between organized religion and guilt; it's the kind of scene many women have probably gone through but few think or talk about.

Starring Fred Astaire *by Stanley Green and Burt Goldblatt* (Dodd, Mead, 869 pp., $22.50). If you enjoyed Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing the "Carioca" atop seven pianos, you'll *love* this oversized number. The authors present their tribute to a great star with very readable text and over 800 spectacular photographs featuring Astaire with his famous partners: Rogers, Rita Hayworth, et al. The book has everything a devotee of Astaire needs: songs, song publishers, producers, choreographers, solid biographical detail, plus some fresh inside stuff about the making of the movies. As entertaining as a studio extravaganza.

Burr *by Gore Vidal* (Random House, 448 pp., $8.95). A wonderfully timely tonic for any citizen depressed by the current spectacle of low men in high places. In his new novel, the chronically disenchanted Vidal suggests it was ever thus—that under our brawling, roiling heritage, unalloyed virtue was no more prevalent among the founding fathers than it is now. Only they had more style. And none had more of it than the third Vice President of the United States. Using the quick tongue, biting intelligence and lawyerly insight of Aaron Burr as the most promising clay to render his sweeping portrait of our national infancy, Vidal puts on a fine show of his own as a wit, stylist and political savant. His Burr winds up a brave and thorny man, a ne'er-do-well who came tantalizingly close to vast power but finally held none. Pluck without luck lands you on the ragged edge of the American Dream.

Opening Up The Suburbs: An Urban Strategy for America *by Anthony Downs* (Yale University Press, 219 pp., $7.95). A non-utopian program to break the spreading plague that pens up the urban poor in escape-proof hellholes saturated with crime, drugs, vermin and hopelessness. Economist Downs asserts that it's up to the suburbs to get the cities off the hook by abandoning racial and economic segregation and planting clusters of middle- and low-income housing dispersed widely about the green spaces so that the middle class never loses numerical dominance. The language is heavy on academese, but the message is clear and pressing.

Wilt: Just Like Any Other 7-Foot Black Millionaire Who Lives Next Door *by Wilt Chamberlain and David Shaw* (Macmillan, 310 pp., $6.95). The Big Dipper, as he likes to be called (call him Stilt to his face and he may stuff you), leads the league in paranoia, too, as it turns out in this autobiography of an athletic immortal. He wins a measure of empathy as he speaks out against being thought a freak, a Superjock who's supposed to do it all every time out, and A Loser because he's so naturally gifted fans expect his team to win the title every season. But Wilt's bitching is endless and, coupled with his conspicuous consumption (a million-dollar house, a $30,000 Bentley, $3,000 antelope suits), conspicuous womanizing (he likes them pretty, leggy and biracial), and conspicuous candor (digs at Bill Russell, Jerry West, Elgin Baylor, Kareem Abdul Jabbar, Gail Goodrich *et al.*, the lowdown on his lowdown coaches, how he copes with owners), basketball's Main Man emerges as an honest, courageous, sexist, spendthrift, thoroughly vulnerable human being. Too little here about how the pro game really works, too much patting on his own large back.

The Dogs Bark: Public People and Private Places *by Truman Capote* (Random House, 419 pp., $8.95). Thirty pieces from the master that have appeared elsewhere and, served up together, are meant presumably to show that his style has changed and grown over the years. Well, maybe. Alas, there is scarcely a surprise among these lit-

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erary leftovers that will have to bide us until Capote's next superwork, the eagerly awaited novel *Answered Prayers*, is ready.

How To Save Your Life *by Earl Ubell* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 308 pp., $7.50). A cool, constantly informing, belly-to-belly report on our fondest—and most lethal—vices. Veteran science writer Ubell urges us to cut down or stop smoking (cold turkey is best), to eat less and better (hello, halibut, Brussels sprouts and skim milk; goodbye, bacon, gimlets and Baskin-Robbins); to start and continue exercising (our hearts and lungs, not just our gut and butt muscles), and to avoid every drug we can from aspirin to cocaine. Though he is little interested in *why* we have fallen upon such errant ways and offers rigidly programmatic steps to salvation, Ubell may literally be a lifesaver. If you cannot resist a weekly tryst with your neighborhood Carvel dispenser, he will at least have you jogging there and back till blessed abstinence arrives.

A Different Woman *by Jane Howard* (Dutton, 413 pp., $7.95). Poet Muriel Ruykeyser once asked what would happen if just one woman told the truth about herself—and answered: "The world would split open." In *A Different Woman*, Jane Howard tells the truth about herself. The book is the product of two years of crisscrossing the country and asking a lot of women to reveal the truth about their lives and loves, and Ms. Howard has written a perceptive, controlled and often very funny account of "the inescapable tidal wave" of feminism sweeping the nation. It should register high on most women's private Richter scales.

The Anderson Papers *by Jack Anderson* (Random House, 275 pp., $6.95). Give ace muckraker Anderson a smidgen of dirt and, using tact, bluff, guile, guts and every contact he cultivates among the walking wounded of the political meatgrinder, he'll tattoo you to the Washington Monument by week's end. This lumpy, casually carpentered book selects four of the stories that Anderson & Co. has pursued of late—the gall of ITT, the invasion of the Bureau of Indian Affairs by Indian militants, the phantom drunk-driving record of Tom Eagleton (an undocumented smear, the author acknowledges), and the Nixon Administration's covert brinkmanship over the East Pakistan revolution—and shows their *modus operandi*. Strong evidence of why Jack Anderson is a valuable national resource.

Portrait of a Marriage: V. Sackville-West & Harold Nicolson *by Nigel Nicolson* (Atheneum, 249 pp., $10). Vita Sackville-West was a hauntingly beautiful woman, full-breasted, gypsy-eyed, and eventually a lover of Virginia Woolf's. She was a novelist, a poet, and grew up at Knole, the largest privately owned home in England (the *house* covered four acres). Married at 20 to a handsome young diplomat, Harold Nicolson, at 23 she felt compelled to speak with her mother about his sexual coldness; he preferred, it turned out, young men (he would later refer to her affairs as "your muddles"; she to his as "your fun"). Between April of 1918 and the autumn of 1921, V. Sackville-West scandalized upper-class England by openly and flamboyantly carrying on a tempestuous love affair with another woman,

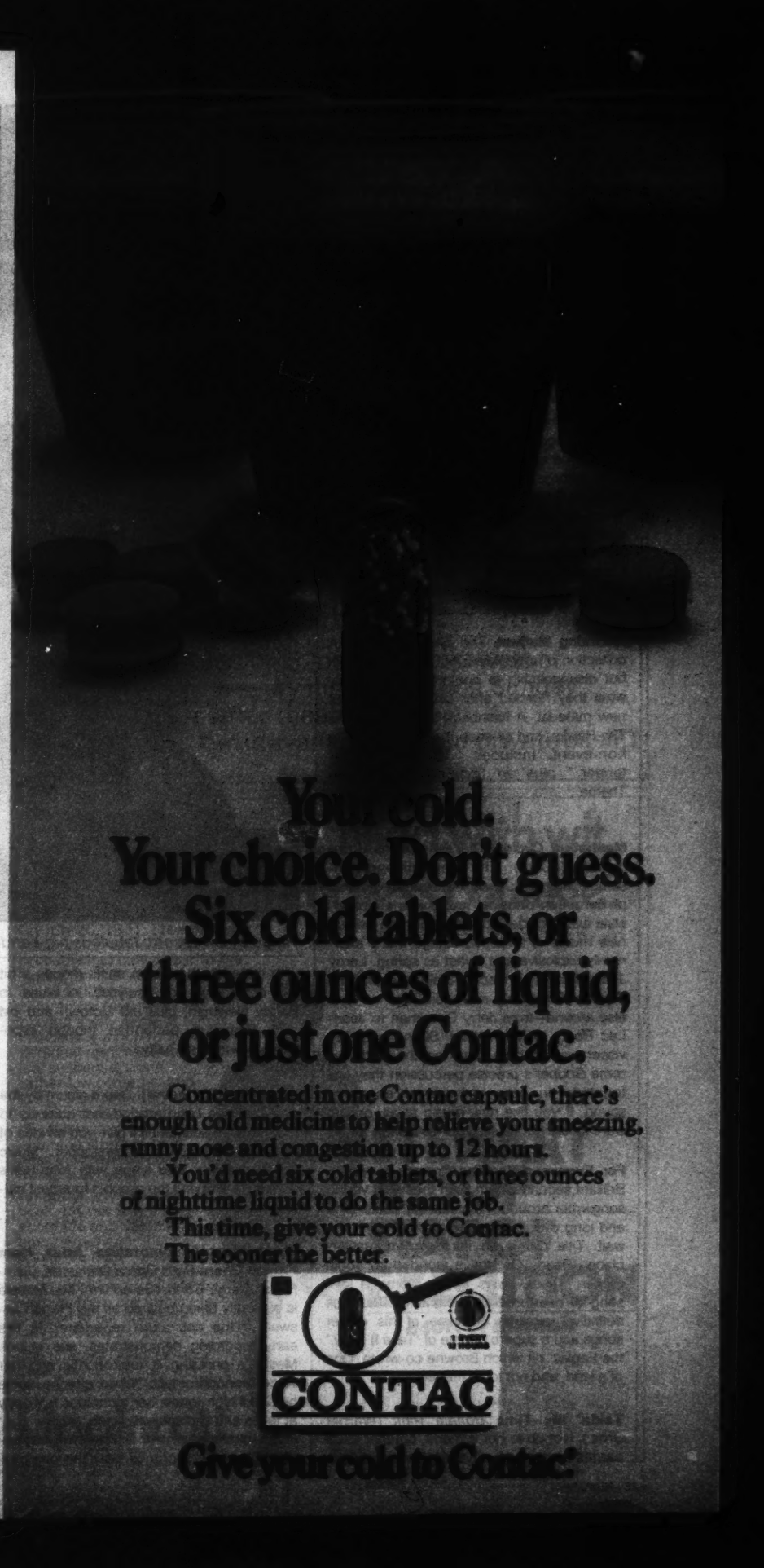
A new book about Fred Astaire: a tribute as entertaining as a studio extravaganza.

Violet Trefusis. Throughout, Harold stood by her, constant, supportive, an enviable source of love and understanding—a union that would endure and grow for 49 years. *Portrait of a Marriage*, comprised of the memoirs Vita secretly wrote at the painful end of her affair with Violet, with tasteful commentary by her son, Nigel Nicolson, is an astounding, emotionally wrenching book. It may be—with the exception of *Sappho was a Right-On Woman*—the most important book yet to have appeared about lesbian love.

Malcolm Lowry. A Biography *by Douglas Day* (Oxford University Press, 425 pp., $10). Malcolm Lowry's life was one long hell on earth, and from its fire and ashes he composed *Under the Volcano*, considered one of the great novels of the century. A puzzling work to many, it will be more easily unravelled by reference to Mr. Day's vivid account of Lowry's odyssey of self-destruction. We trail him from England to Mexico, California, New York, Vancouver and back to England, attracting en route legions of admirers (Conrad Aiken the most notable) with his considerable wit and charm. Alcohol dogged him all the way, though, along with a suicidal bent that he finally could not deny.

North Dallas Forty *by Peter Gent* (Morrow, 314 pp., $7.95). Gent, who never could go deep worth a damn as a pass receiver for the Cowboys, has gone very deep here as a novelist. From sex, violence and physical pain, he shapes a furious, funky and funny story of a man's mental anguish to survive in a world he despises but can't let go of. The last playing days of a Dallas offensive end named Phil Elliott are played back in an indictment of the exploitive commercial aspects of pro football. Elliott manages to suit up only by regularly raising high the roofbeams of his head—with codeine, booze, grass, speed, fear or any combination thereof, all the while trying to figure out what he's really after. "Happiness would be nice and it's a swell goal," he tells his girl, when pressed, "but all I want right now is to know. To know whether I'm happy or unhappy, it don't matter which, I just want to know which I am."

Cruel and Unusual: The Supreme Court and Capital Punishment *by Michael Meltsner* (Random House, 338 pp., $8.95). Abolition of the death penalty has not been a popular cause in an era when law-and-order vigilantes have yipped for blood. More credit, then, to the heroically persistent band of *pro bono* young lawyers, led by an intellectual dynamo named Tony Amsterdam, who spent nine years staying the hangman's noose from nearly 600 necks while they battled in court after court, state after state, against a centuries-old tradition. Eye-for-an-eye may be Biblically symmetrical, suggests Meltsner in this instructive narrative, but it does not bring humanity to an arbitrary and capricious criminal justice process. In 1972, the Supreme Court surprisingly agreed.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On records

Quadrophenia *The Who* (MCA). Talk about your magic acts—they've actually improved on *Tommy*. Another two-record rock opera, this one about a young Englishman ("Jimmy") who's driven to schizophrenia by the pressures of the stylish '60s. Only he's four-way schizophrenic (divided into "Pete," "Roger," "John" and "Keith"), hence the title. The real Pete, Roger, John and Keith sing and play better than ever; this is surely the most sophisticated, complex project of their ever-more dazzling career.

Ringo *Ringo Starr* (Capitol). Fabulous big-band production, with sidemen like John, Paul, George, the Band, Marc Bolan, Harry Nilsson, Martha Reeves, Billy Preston and Ringo himself, who both plays the drums and tap dances. Great material, great nouveau-*Sgt. Pepper* cover, great everything, and so what if he still can't sing? As unassuming as it is elaborate, and great fun.

Moondog Matinee *The Band* (Capitol). A collection of arty oldies, not bad on its own but disappointing in context; this is hardly what they needed after two years without new material. A flashback to their days as The Hawks, and as such it's a disappointing non-event. Includes 'The Great Pretender,' plus an updated 'Third Man Theme.'

Manhattan Cycles *The Revolutionary Ensemble* (JCOA). The Revolutionary Ensemble has beautifully translated elements of European classical music into Chicago-style avant-garde jazz, improvising a unique new music of amplified strings that's alternately explosive and sweet as spring. Leroy Jenkins plays his electric Steiner (a gift from Ornette Coleman), and viola, like no one else around—from Jerry Goodman to Jean-Luc Ponty to Mike White. Sirone adds his visceral string bass, and together with Jerome Cooper's precise percussion they sail together on pure streams of energetic sound. If you like new music at all, or just want to find out, this is your best shot.

For Everyman *Jackson Browne* (Asylum). Brilliant second album from the finest young songwriter around. Painstakingly assembled and long overdue, but more than worth the wait. Title cut is an introspective masterpiece, 'Ready Or Not' a wonderfully ironic rocker, 'These Times You've Come' a love song of heartbreaking poignancy. Includes definitive versions of some of his earlier songs and a superb update of 'Take It Easy,' the Eagles' hit which Browne co-wrote. One of a kind, and not to be missed.

Takin' My Time *Bonnie Raitt* (Warner Bros.). Not up to her last one, but that voice carries her through anything. The problem is with material; the album shifts moods a bit too dizzyingly, from calypso to blues to Randy Newman, plus old Motown and old rock. Beautifully performed, though, especially Newman's 'Guilty.'

Ringo's new record: fabulous big-band production with great material.

Orleans (ABC/Dunhill). Debut album by the best new live band around; not quite up to their concert sets, but it'll give you an idea of why they're such a showstopper. Music readily outstrips their lyrics, with John Hall's tight guitar-playing the group's foremost musical asset.

Mady Mesplé, Coloratura Arias from French Opera *Paris Opera Orchestra, Jean-Pierre Marty, Cond.* (Seraphim). Ms. Mesplé is currently being pushed as the French answer to the coloratura repertoire; as this early recording demonstrates, she is not. Mesplé's phrasing is metronomic and her voice monochromatic. While offering some beautiful high tones, her technique is sloppy at times and her voice tends to "hollow out" in the middle and lower registers. Unless addicted to birdie-sopranos, pass this one by.

Spectrum *Billy Cobham* (Atlantic). After years of watching thump-a-day rock drummers draw standing ovations for next to nothing, we're happy to see a fine jazz drummer like Billy Cobham sock it to the rock circuit—sparking bands like Dreams and the Mahavishnu Orchestra, and spoiling naive tastebuds for good. This album, his first as a leader, shows clearly how Cobham does it: with complex timing and controlled strength as opposed to boom-boom and a few tricks. The context is hard electric music rather than rock *or* jazz, and in that category (with Tony Williams out of it lately), Billy's the best.

Don't Cry Now *Linda Ronstadt* (Asylum). Previously unfulfilled potential finally comes to fruition; the album she's been waiting to make all these years. Beautifully produced, with most of the material perfectly suited to her emotional range; even material that doesn't exactly fit is so well handled you may not even notice. Linda's 'Desperado' is breathtaking, as are her versions of producer J.D. Souther's 'The Fast One' and Neil Young's 'I Believe In You.'

Goodbye Yellow Brick Road *Elton John* (MCA). Mr. Electricity, still in his hard-rock phase, continues to triumph over even the most banal of Bernie Taupin's lyrics (on Marilyn Monroe: 'Loneliness was tough'). Double album, solid but slightly padded, successfully mixes in loud campy rockers with some lovely ballads, plus a touch of reggae that's almost as trendy as Elton's taste in glad rags.

Time Fades Away *Neil Young* (Warner Bros.). Live album from last year's concert tour, with a marked change in style—this one is rough, raw and abrasive, with an agonized sound and one of Neil's all-time great songs, 'Don't Be Denied.' As adventuresome as it is uneven, ranging from the sedate ('Journey Through The Past') through the raucous, plus a touch or two of outright hysteria ('Yonder Stands The Sinner'), a fascinating departure.

Relativity Suite *Don Cherry and the Jazz Composer's Orchestra* (JCOA Records). Free music with melodies you can hum (that, in fact, have a habit of sticking in the brain all night), isn't exactly what we've come to expect from the jazz avantgarde, but that's what Don Cherry, who makes an art of being unpredictable, has come up with. Alternately peaceful, mystifying, even march-like, Cherry's 'Relativity Suite' is a delightful melange of Oriental scales, classical motifs and solid modern jazz (as opposed to the Modern Jazz Quartet), played by an orchestra of superb avant-garde musicians, including violin superstar Leroy Jenkins and three-fourths of the Ornette Coleman Quartet.

Gimme Something Real *Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson* (Warner Bros.). Valerie's made two superb albums of her own so far, and she and Nick have Motown in their blood, both as writers ('Ain't No Mountain High Enough') and producers. Here, they forge a charismatic blend of secular and gospel influences, fleshing it out with tight production. Sophisticated R & B.

Maria Muldaur (Warner Bros.). Brilliant, long-awaited solo debut from the former Kweskin Jug Band vocalist and New England heartthrob. By turns slinky, seductive, raunchy or wry, Maria runs through nonstop fabulous material, supplying as many moods as there are songs, and always underplaying her style just enough to keep things interesting. Beautifully produced, aided immeasurably by some of the best backup musicians anywhere.

Full Moon *Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge* (A & M). They're in love, they just got married, and they're so laid-back they're practically singing in their sleep. Ultra-sweet lyrics dwell relentlessly on an 'Until the End of Time' motif, but hell, they probably *are* "happy as bluebirds," as one tune puts it. Besides, they sure sound better together than they do separately. ●

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On July 20, 1971, Stewart Alsop was told he had leukemia, and probably had only a year to live. More than two years later, Alsop is still writing his much-read column for *Newsweek* and still playing a wily game of tennis. His book is a rich mixture of personal reminiscence, medical suspense, some rather low comedy—and spirited commentary on such diverse subjects as the collapse of the Wasp elite, the strain of madness in American politics, living, and dying.

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NEW TIMES
NOVEMBER 30, 1973

Connally . . . Rockefeller . . . Reagan.
"Is this the specimens list of an archeologist's dig, the catalogue of goods to be knocked down at a distress auction, or the roster of talent available for release to an expansion hockey team?"

Above, *Connally climbs over the fence toward the other side, this time at his Texas ranch. Below, Nelson Rockefeller.*

The poohbahs

By Murray Kempton

"Reagan, 29 percent; Rockefeller, 19 percent; Connally, 16 percent."

Such are the first three names that Dr. Gallup brought back from his canvass of Republican preferences for President before the provinces had yet heard from Congressman Gerald Ford. Is this the specimens list of an archeologist's dig, the catalogue of goods to be knocked down at a distress auction, or the roster of talent available for release to an expansion hockey team?

Two aging stock characters and a director who departed his last production because the leading man wouldn't listen to him.

Governor Reagan, most ancient of juveniles, still bounces creakily about as son and heir of the Goldwater estate. Governor Rockefeller's national political career looks back across acres of desert all the way back to 1960; it seems a measure of his effrontery and their despair that nearly a fifth of all Republicans can still turn and nod towards what is left of Ozymandias, King of Kings. And, as for Connally, he managed the Democrats as Lyndon Johnson's claim agent unfruitfully in 1960, despotically in 1964, biliously but successfully in 1968, and then jumped to Mr. Nixon, and then away from him and then back to him—always a little sooner than was decent—and he comes to us now having played as many roles as there are sins to commit.

As candidates, none of these three has much hope of existence independent of Mr. Nixon's will or fate; each can be truly plausible only if the President wriggles on for two-and-a-half more years and then selects him as a successor. Mr. Nixon's power, dim though it is everywhere else, seems certain to glare on the stage of a Republican convention whose delegates will be drawn in the main from whatever percentage of the general populace, however embarrassingly low, still trusts him by then.

The irreducible minimum of any major party's popular support is a constituency at once unventuresome and narrow. Governor Rockefeller has been dutifully preaching over the grave of his social conscience for six years now with a sincerity obvious to everyone except those Republicans who will never forgive his prior intimation that he might have a social conscience. Connally represents the apostate Democracy of the South, but he cannot overcome the condition that most of its members got there with Goldwater while Connally was still tarrying with Johnson, and those members are now settled with Governor Reagan. And, as for Governor Reagan, he may have the delegates but cannot have the prize if Mr. Nixon is still on his feet. To the President, Reagan will always be that most offensive of *parvenus*, the one who succeeded where you yourself failed. In 1965, still bruised, Mr. Nixon could only say "disgusting" when word was brought him that the California Republicans now proposed to run for governor an actor who had been reduced to being senior gentleman-in-waiting for Shirley Temple's coming-of-age while the former Vice President of the United States was wrestling with the great decisions, such as whether to speak at the Cook or the Cuyahoga County Republican dinner.

So Reagan had no hopes to be chosen to take Spiro Agnew's place; but Connally and Rockefeller each contended for his own selection as openly as he could; and, Rockefeller was candidly disappointed and Connally most undeceivingly gratified by Gerald Ford's anointment. Both understood that here was the most consequential political decision left at Mr. Nixon's disposal and that it may already have been irrevocably made.

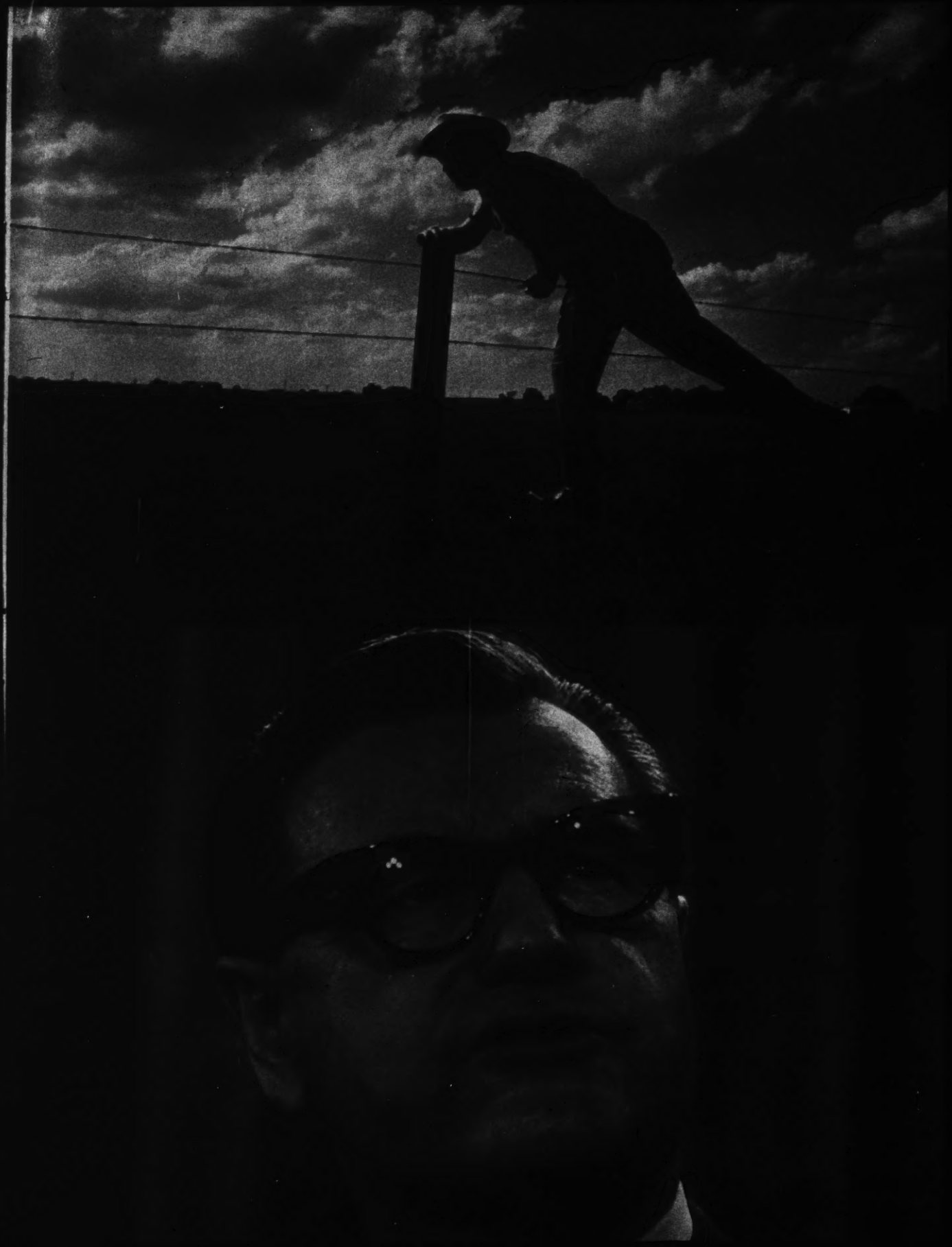
Mr. Nixon has so far found devices for self-destruction quite beyond the contrivance of any worse enemy than himself; and, given that bent, the chances are insufficiently spacious that he can survive until 1976 in any case. If he departs, a President Ford will remain as the only plausible Republican candidate.

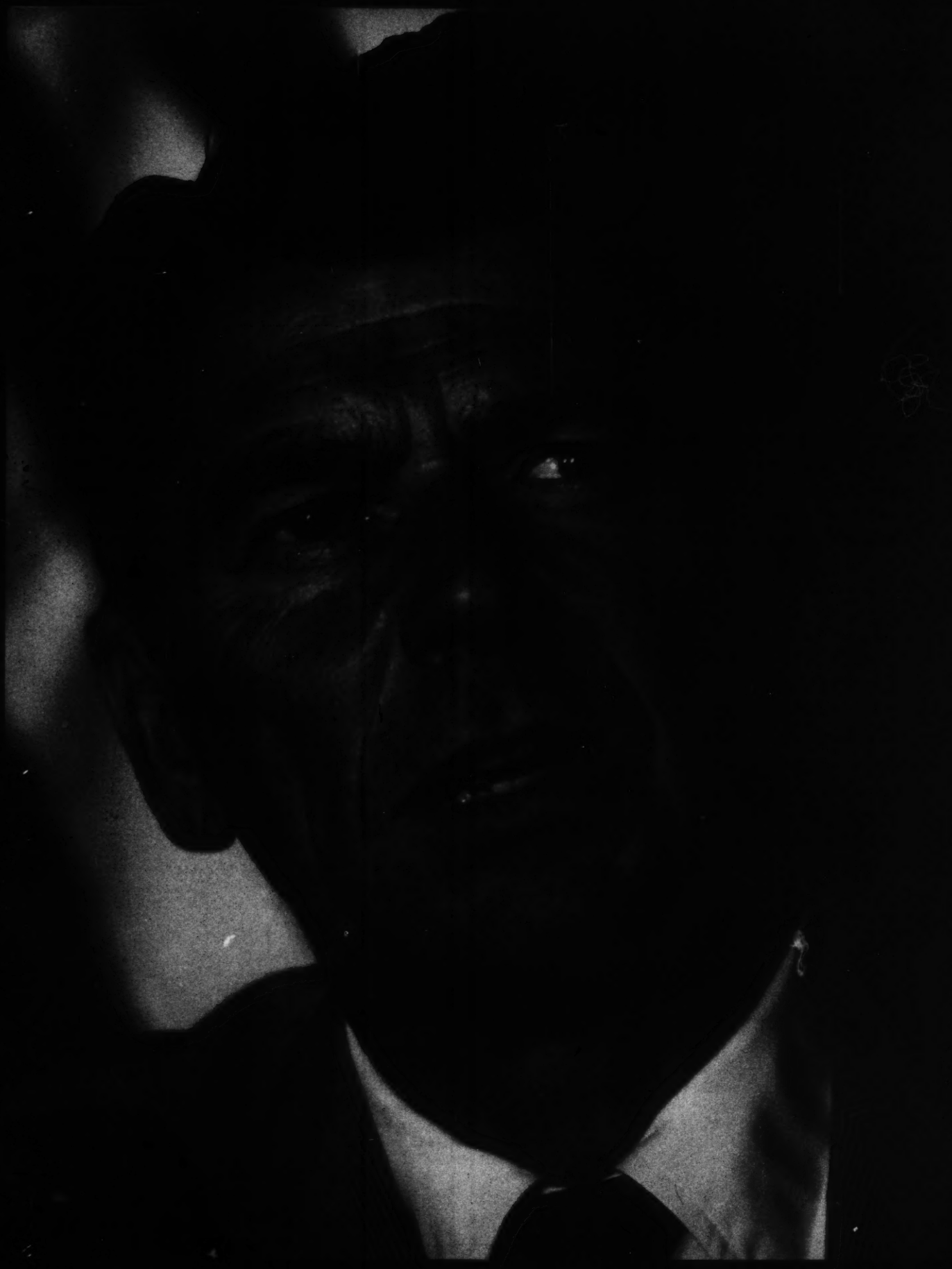
And what balm President Ford would be for every wound that Mr. Nixon has inflicted upon the Republicans. The loudest accompaniment to Ford's ascension would be a general sigh of relief. Ford is obvious in his honesty, a virtue so outlandish in adult Washington as to constitute the chief source of its conviction that he just has to be dumb. He is boring; and the events of the last year have left no heart's cry louder in his country than the wish to be bored again. His every limitation seems, in our circumstance, a boundless promise.

When John Adams was Vice President, he said of himself that today he was nothing, while tomorrow he might be everything. Such is a sound description of the Republican condition now. Come the Congressional elections, the Republicans may very well look like nothing. Yet give them a President Ford soon enough, and they will seem again to be everything. ●

Contributing Editor Kempton is author of the recently released book, The Briar Patch.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY BENSON





"There's a move in the country today, a pox-on-both-your-houses move, and a feeling that all politicians are lower than used-car salesmen. And I think the Republican party has something more important to worry about than Watergate"

Reagan

By F. Reid Buckley

He is 62 years old. He measures six-feet, one-inch tall, bears blithely the burden of seven years on the firing line as governor of California and would not find the notion of becoming President rebarbative. At the moment, he is the GOP's frontrunner, ten lengths ahead of Rockefeller and Connally. Ronald Reagan. The one-time joke to liberals and other nice folk. That B-grade matinee idol turned politician, that once-upon-a-time New Deal Democrat.

Still, California has just turned down his Proposition One, a constitutional amendment that would have slapped a limit on the taxing powers of the state. And if this defeat does not hurt him—as foreshadowing nationwide reception of his political philosophy in general—what about the nightmare of Watergate? Realistically, just what chance will any GOP aspirant have in 1976? Ronald Reagan and I sat in his home in the Pacific Palisades last week and discussed this and other matters, beginning with his assessment of the GOP's chances for survival in the wake of Watergate.

"I happen to be optimistic," he said. "I believe that the people are not going to attribute this misdeed by a small group to millions of other people simply because they happen to be Republican. If anything, I think it's more likely to affect all encompassed, that there's a move in the country today, a pox-on-both-your-houses move, and a feeling that all politicians are lower than used-car salesmen. I think the Republican party has something more important to worry about."

Contributing Editor Buckley is the author of the recently published novel, Servants And Their Masters.

"How so?"

"I happen to think that if the Republican party were new on the political scene, if it had a different name, the people in America would be overwhelmingly in support of it. The GOP is suffering from a stereotyped image of the past, from a lot of political demagoguery against it that has contributed to some political and economic myths."

"Would you be for renaming the party?"

"I have to say that I have thought about that. It's not just that the two parties have changed. They have virtually reversed. In 1932 I cast my first vote for Franklin Delano Roosevelt. I cast it for a man who was running on a platform that said that he would try to reduce the cost of the Federal government by 25 percent, that he would restore to the states and the local communities and to individuals the Constitutional rights that have been taken from them by a centralized Federal government. Now, the Democrats certainly would not be at home with that platform today. But Republicans have been running on it for the last few elections."

"In California, you had a stunning success in reforming the welfare payments, in cutting out people who were cheating on the system. How do you explain the rejection of Proposition One?"

"Our opponents sent it around to the two biggest and most powerful lobbying groups in Sacramento—the California Teachers Association and the State Employees Association. They set out to confuse the people. We've been doing some polling to find out what happened, and we've learned that 70 percent of the people who voted "No" did so because the other side convinced them their taxes would go up, not down. A significant thing in this great democratic nation of ours is that organizations that came out with adamant stands against us on Proposition One did not poll their memberships in any way. The state governing body made the decision.

"I'd never taken anything to the people before as an initiative measure, and wouldn't have this time if the legislature had agreed to take it up in a legitimate way. But you've got to remember that the bulk of the legislative leadership on the Democratic side are all running for governor and they also—let's make one thing plain—they don't want any restrictions on their ability to raise taxes; they are believers in the Galbraith theory that the government should take more money and spend it on more things that the people are too stupid to buy for themselves."

We talked about his strongest accomplishments as governor. First, his welfare reforms, and then about how he dealt with the fact that "seven years ago, state government was increasing at a rate of 5,500 employees a year. Today there are virtually the same number of employees as there were seven years ago, but we absorbed a 30 percent to 40 percent workload increase."

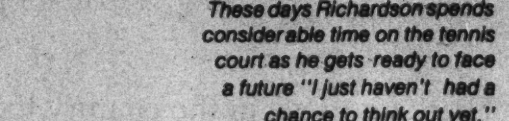
Finally, I said, "Were you in the President's shoes, Governor, what would you do about the Watergate matter?"

"Well, at one time last summer," he said, "when the Ervin Committee hearings were at their height, I think I would have picked up the phone and announced that I'd appear before the committee at 10 o'clock the following morning, be sworn in, answer any questions they wanted to ask, put my case on the table, put it all into perspective and let the people judge."

"Do you think it's too late now?"

"No. But it would have saved a lot of grief had it been done earlier." ●

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5



These days Richardson spends considerable time on the tennis court as he gets ready to face a future "I just haven't had a chance to think out yet."

In the wake of his resignation as Attorney General, Elliot Richardson has been heralded as a man "with the brains and energy to pick up the pieces of the Republican Party." But he has only "the merest smidgen of a political base" and no solid credentials as a campaigner

Richardson

By Arthur Hadley

At first, second, or even third glance, citizen Elliot Lee Richardson gives the impression of a totally relaxed man. He speaks slowly, with pauses to look out the window of his Virginia home, light a frequently quenched pipe with kitchen matches, separate two retrievers arguing over an old tennis ball. He reaches for the precise word with the love of a retired English professor. He makes little jokes against himself: "Jesus Christ, that was two departments ago," he says, searching his mind for some forgotten detail of a welfare plan. Most of the time his hairy, brown hands are quiet; the mouth, left side turning down, right side rising up, is composed.

Then a question or remark touches what he calls "the real world." He is on his feet, six-foot-two, bent forward, zapping out words, all passionate intensity. After two or three such moments, one realizes the relaxation is all surface. Citizen Richardson—late Attorney General of the United States, late Secretary of Defense, late Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, late Under Secretary of State, former Attorney General of Massachusetts, former Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts—runs on a constant, powerful, and individual brand of psychological fission.

Special Contributor Hadley has known and observed Richardson since Elliot first entered politics in Massachusetts.

"Mac Bundy and I," he says, controlled and puffing his pipe, talking of Harvard before World War II, "used to stand on the fringes of debutante parties in Boston and debate political philosophy . . . even then we disagreed profoundly."

"Mac called himself a pragmatic Platonist back then," I remark.

"He did, he did. He was all loaded up on *The Republic* and he was wrong." The pipe is now gone. Richardson is standing, body tense, hands chopping the air. "That doctrine leads inevitably to elitism. You lose sight of the people. The State doesn't exist. Democracy doesn't exist as an end in itself. Democracy is not an absolute good. Democracy is a process within which individuals are treated as individually important. Otherwise it's worth little in itself."

He sits back down, stops the hands, relights his pipe, the fires of whatever dragons belch inside him tamped down by thought. "People accuse me of being overly concerned with process. What they don't see, what is so difficult to explain, is that in a complex society concern for the proper process of government and concern for the individual are one and the same."

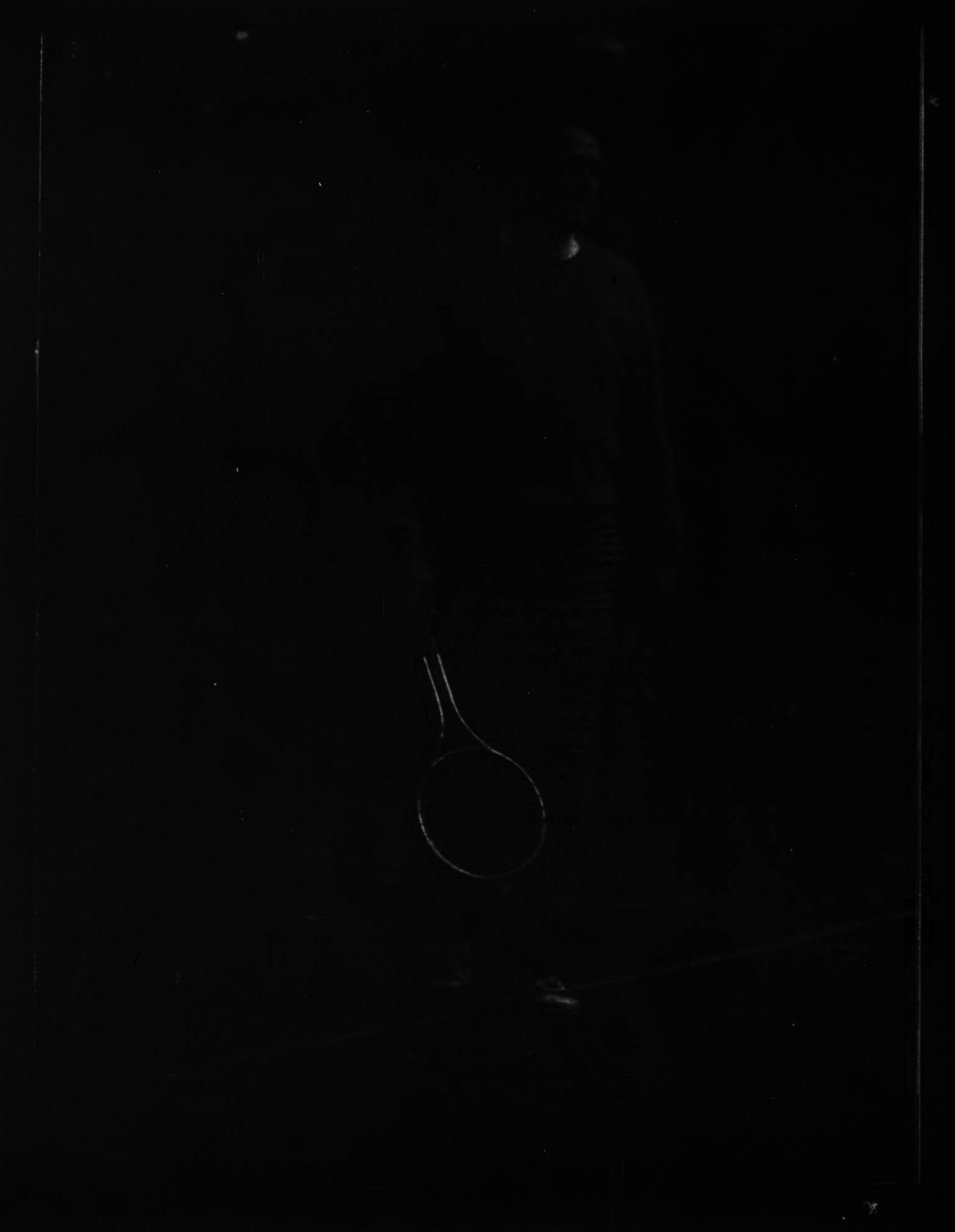
Process and personal choice are constant themes in Richardson's political philosophy. He believes a government so complex that people can't relate to it denies freedom as effectively as a totalitarian state. From the Family Assistance Program, through reorganization of HEW, to his abortive plans for the Defense Department, Richardson has tried to shift authority out of Washington, placing it first on the individual citizen himself, next at the state level, retaining at the Congressional and Cabinet level only "a broad overview."

A few minutes later Richardson is on his feet once more, tugging off his thick glasses, again the hands flying, his words coming so fast they slur. He is talking about the "constant heroism" of the men around him in the Fourth Infantry Division in the period after D-Day. "I was driven to a sustained and extremely concentrated effort to help more. As a medic I knew nothing I did could ever cause regret. We were picking up the wounded, mostly our own, but the wounded on both sides—pure unalloyed service. And it gave me a keenness of observation and of intellect and a reaction of pure joy I have not experienced before or since."

His voice so resonates that I look into his eyes to see if there are tears. There aren't. He is sitting back down, replacing his glasses, quoting Oliver Wendell Holmes on the Civil War (Richardson says he carried *The Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes* with him into battle). By deliberate application of background, brains, and self-control, Elliot Richardson is again in command of his energy machine. But he ain't no proper Bostonian, though he throws that ploy out from time to time to see if you'll buy it, save him the waste of explaining himself. He is rather Albert Camus' *L'Homme Engagé*, the thoughtful and passionate man who tries to count people in the almost forgotten way: one by one.

So what? He's had a lot of good jobs. He's a supremely able man. He's

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY BENSON



> "The only honest answer I can give is that when I've thought about it, which is not often, I don't honestly think I don't want to be President"

done the right thing. He's been forced by his own conscience to resign. Now he has no job and the merest smidgen of a political base. Where next?

Richardson is the first to admit that he doesn't know. "The academic world, writing, politics, anything. It's all open. I've been so up for the past years, trying to learn the details, the people, the committees of Congress involved in one major job after another, I don't know what it's like to have nothing to do. I mean, nothing I *have* to do. One thing I'm certain of, though. I would never do anything, take a job, for the sake of the next step. Maneuvering hurts a man. I've watched what it does to others."

When he was called to Camp David after Nixon's '72 triumph, Richardson had no idea what the President would say. There were rumors that Richardson would be asked to leave the administration because of his constant pressure for welfare reform. Other rumors had him going to the State Department, to Defense, to be Attorney General. "My preference," says Richardson, "was to stay at HEW, complete the work started. The only job I planned to refuse was Attorney General." He got Defense, but in the post-Watergate mess ended up as retired Attorney General.

The first week out of office he went to Cape Cod for a week's vacation. There, various Republican factions—Massachusetts produces factions the way Kentucky produces bourbon—urged him to run against his second cousin, Governor Francis Sargent in the GOP gubernatorial primary. "I am not sure how available the governorship is," Richardson remarks, smiling.

There is another problem: How able a politician is Richardson?

The pols in Massachusetts, even those who are Elliot's friends, doubt that he could take Sargent. Not that Richardson isn't a canny politician. He couldn't be an apolitical animal and have survived so successfully in the jungle battles of Boston and Washington; but there is a difference in being an able politician and an able campaigner. Many feel that he comes across stiff, impatient with people. Richardson denies this, claims he gets a lift from shaking hands. But he doesn't relax well in small groups, as Sargent does. In his last campaign against Francis Balotti for Attorney General of Massachusetts, Richardson made some wild last-minute charges against Balotti for alleged criminal activity. The charges rebounded to hurt Richardson. "He came apart in that campaign under pressure," say his opponents. Even his friends say: "We were all very tired" or "He was morally correct to do what he did; but he handled it wrong."

A friend of both Sargent and Richardson remarks: "They both have highly sensitive radars; but their radars are on different sides of their bodies." Sargent's being tuned to politics, Richardson's to problems.

A deeper question is whether this same lack of campaign ability will keep Richardson from success in any battle over who picks up the pieces of the Republican party. "Elliot has the brains and energy," says one Washington observer. "But does he have the political stuff to take it?"

Richardson himself remarks that successful politicians have to use "those random currents of air, to get up, stay up and get where they want to go."

An agency head and liberal Republican who admits, "Frankly, I'm running Elliot for President," insists: "Elliot has to get out on the road and meet people—and particularly the party people. Congressional elections are coming up and each Congressman will need someone to draw crowds. This nation is hungry for performance and an ethic. Elliot believes in something. He just may be here at the right time."

One would have to raise a caveat there. Traditionally this nation after her wars has turned to Presidents who promised easy times rather than complex solutions. Grant, Harding, Eisenhower, hardly a roll call of activists whipped by some categorical imperative. Richardson must battle members of the Senate who have little to do if they so wish besides run for the Presidency. And the Senate provides a sure power base and ready access to TV. It will take all of Richardson's abilities, plus a run of good luck, to remain politically airborne. And if he does gather up most of the GOP political pieces, how much strength will be left in the old elephant after Watergate and the upcoming bruising primaries?

A vital part of Richardson's political future lies outside his control, residing in the mind and glands of that slightly long-in-the-tooth warhorse Governor Nelson Rockefeller. Will the governor run for President again? If Rockefeller entered the battle with his energy, staff, money and power base, Richardson's constituency of liberal Republicans will be split. But if Rockefeller at age 65 has had enough, he might well throw his support to Elliot as there are many close ties between the two men.

Does he want to be President? Richardson has delivered up a classic quote on the subject: "The only honest answer I can give is that when I've thought about it, which is not often, I don't honestly think I don't want to be President."

Before his dramatic resignation, Richardson had been criticized for lack of backbone. Why didn't he resign, the question was asked, over busing, the administration's actions on welfare reform, or even the Christmas bombing of Cambodia? Those who have worked with him in the government, Democrats and Republicans, spring to his defense in this area: "They are celebrating him now for his resignation. But they should be celebrating him for the times he didn't resign."

Richardson agrees; he feels he had no choice but to resign as Attorney General. Therefore that action cannot be considered particularly courageous by his inner lights. "The times I am most proud

Richardson and his wife Anne are met by their dog as they return home after an afternoon of tennis. They have three children: Henry, 18; Nancy, 16; Michael, 13.

of," he says, "are when I organized a position, bound myself to a line I will not cross, and have succeeded on holding that line."

Since the presence of the Richardson backbone has been established by the events of Bloody Saturday, one can accept the judgment of the insiders. At Health, Education and Welfare, Richardson did hold and deliver a better compromise within the possible options than others would have been able to produce. He forced the administration to appeal the Texas busing decision, though not on as broad a ground as he or others wanted. If he did not push family assistance through the Senate, he fought hard and got portions of the package.

Psychological factors were also undoubtedly at work in how far he pushed. Richardson, a classy outsider on the Nixon middle-American team, did not wish to seem the cantankerous star. He needed to prove himself a fellow player who could achieve within the same rules as others. The Harvard graduate who let himself be drafted rather than enter the Navy with his aristocratic peers; the man who says: "The most satisfactory election of my life was being chosen platoon leader by my fellow students at Officer Candidate School." This man would eschew the gesture of resignation lest he be called "superior," would choose to make his motto that of Disraeli: "*Frangez non fractes*—you may bend me but not break me."

If in nightmares Richardson hears frightening words, perhaps the one that would terrify him the most is *dilettante*. He shows with both shyness and pride the water colors he has been painting for years and which some say show definite talent, yet his constant theme is: "I haven't improved much since the '40s." As if one had to measure self-progress on every front.

Even after Bloody Saturday, Richardson was working, as he did with the resignation of Agnew, to achieve some sort of compromise that would serve both justice and the President. Richardson wanted to divorce the whole Cox problem from the tape problem. Turn over summaries of the tapes to Judge Sirica in a way that would satisfy the judge, then let Cox fight with Sirica rather than the White House over the disclosure of any further evidence. As usual he had a solution and a line and worked to achieve the best possible option.

In his post-retirement press conference he was careful to stick to the issues, refrain from any general criticism either of the President, the administration or Cox. When he talks about exceptional people in politics, the example he chooses is a Republican senator, Jacob Javits of New York. In Senate testimony last week Richardson was still carefully supporting the President, while condemning the decision to fire Cox and urging full disclosure by the White House of all Watergate-related materials. In the "point of fact" world where Richardson prefers to live, the last light he appears to wish to march by is the fire of bridges burning behind him.

Now, the final post-retirement chores done, he sits facing a future which "I just haven't had a chance to think out yet." For the immediate present he says he just plans to be idle. A statement that causes his friends to guffaw and shake their heads.

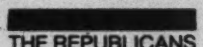
"Richardson 'relaxing' is more 'scheduled' than most men working," says a friend. "He reminds me of the nursery rhyme: 'How doth the busy little bee improve each shining hour.' "

Russell Train, head of the Environmental Protection Agency, who has been river rafting in the West with Richardson, says, "Elliot has his trout rod ready to go as soon as his foot hits the bank. After a few hours, down with the rod and out with the water colors. Too dark to paint, out comes a book. I'm reminded of descriptions of camping with Teddy Roosevelt."

Richardson selects the proper lure to catch fish with the same skill and speed he selects the proper word in an interview or the proper citation in a legal brief. He is proud of the fact that one night he came home from work to his home in Virginia, put on his waders, selected a plug, caught the largest bass he ever hooked in the stream a quarter mile from his house, saw three blue heron, came home, shaved, and got into a black tie for dinner at the Danish Embassy - "all within an hour."

This man will now relax? Perhaps, till after Christmas . . . or perhaps Thanksgiving is more like it.

Richardson's favorite political quotation is from the famous Irish saloon keeper McSorley, who wrote a book "dedicated to the people who are sometimes called the little people. But I want you to know they are just as big as you are, whoever you are." "Once you recognize that," Richardson says, "all the rest follows." ●



Ashbrook, in his office here, says that Watergate has put the Party "in a crack."

"We kept saying the other shoe had to drop," says conservative Congressman John Ashbrook. "But we now find out the President is a centipede. . .If he were to ask me personally, I would say he ought to resign"

Ashbrook

By John D. Lofton Jr.

At the 1968 Republican Convention, conservative Congressman John M. Ashbrook was one of two dissenters who rejected Governor John Rhodes' demand that the Ohio delegation unanimously support the Presidential ambitions of Nelson Rockefeller. Ashbrook did so in order to vote for Richard Nixon. In 1972, Ashbrook himself ran for President in the Republican primaries. He did so because he felt Richard Nixon had broken his 1968 campaign promises, had reversed himself on welfare, national defense, federal spending, China and trade with Communist countries.

Now, in November of 1973, on a cold, gloomy, rainy morning, the former Young Republican National Chairman and co-founder of the American Conservative Union sits in his Washington, D.C. office and says that if President Nixon were to ask him what to do, he would tell the President he ought to call it quits. "I don't think there is any way he can regain his credibility," Ashbrook says. "I suppose if he were to ask me personally, I would say he ought to resign. I have not urged this publicly because of the chorus of jackals that I see throughout the country urging impeachment and resignation."

In politics, Ashbrook goes on, "You don't mind what the opposition says, you don't mind if they call you an S.O.B., you don't mind if they say various things. But if they start laughing at you or think you're crazy or a joke, at that point you're in trouble and never regain your credibility." Ashbrook believes the President has now reached that point.

"The most loyal, knee-jerk Republican in the Congress at this point is reluctant to defend the President," Ashbrook says. "Some of his best friends and most loyal supporters feel as if they've been led down the garden path. For example, we were told categorically he would not give up the tapes and he has given them up. Some of the Republican leaders, my friends in the House, were told by the White House to go out and say things about Ohio Senator William Saxbe last December when Saxbe said the President had taken leave of his senses in resuming the bombing of North Vietnam. Now, the President appoints Saxbe Attorney General.

"So, what is happening is just a continual litany of mistakes by the President. And when I say this I'm not speaking for the 200 million people in the country, but for his circle of friends, his supporters, and the people that carry the burdens of his Presidency, his programs and those trying to sell them to the public. There is no enthusiasm now. He can't be sold in the Congress or on the hustings back home."

Ashbrook is carefully choosing his words. His voice is calm and measured as he says that privately many of his conservative colleagues in the House believe the President has taken leave of his senses. "You take October, for example. We used to sit around and say not much more can happen. Well, as it turned out, we were wrong. We kept saying that the other shoe had to drop soon. But we now find out the President is a centipede. There's a shoe a week. He's dropped more shoes than he has feet."

Ashbrook is 45 years old and serving his sixth term in the House. And for the first time, he says, he is getting mail critical of the President from Republicans back home. "I know my constituency well. I recognize when the League of Women Voters and the college professors and their wives write on the bombing of Hanoi and so forth. My mail is not coming from them now. It's coming from Republicans. This is the first time I've gotten mail like this, mail from Republican committeemen and finance people. I think it's just a sense of frustration that enough is enough is enough and I've had enough of enough. They are fed up with the President, fed up and tired of what they call 'this whole mess.' "

On the subject of relations between the White House and the Republican party, Ashbrook says the greatest joke in Congressional cloak rooms is the line put out by the White House three or four months ago that things would be better with Haldeman and Ehrlichman gone, and former Representative Melvin Laird and Bryce Harlow replacing them.

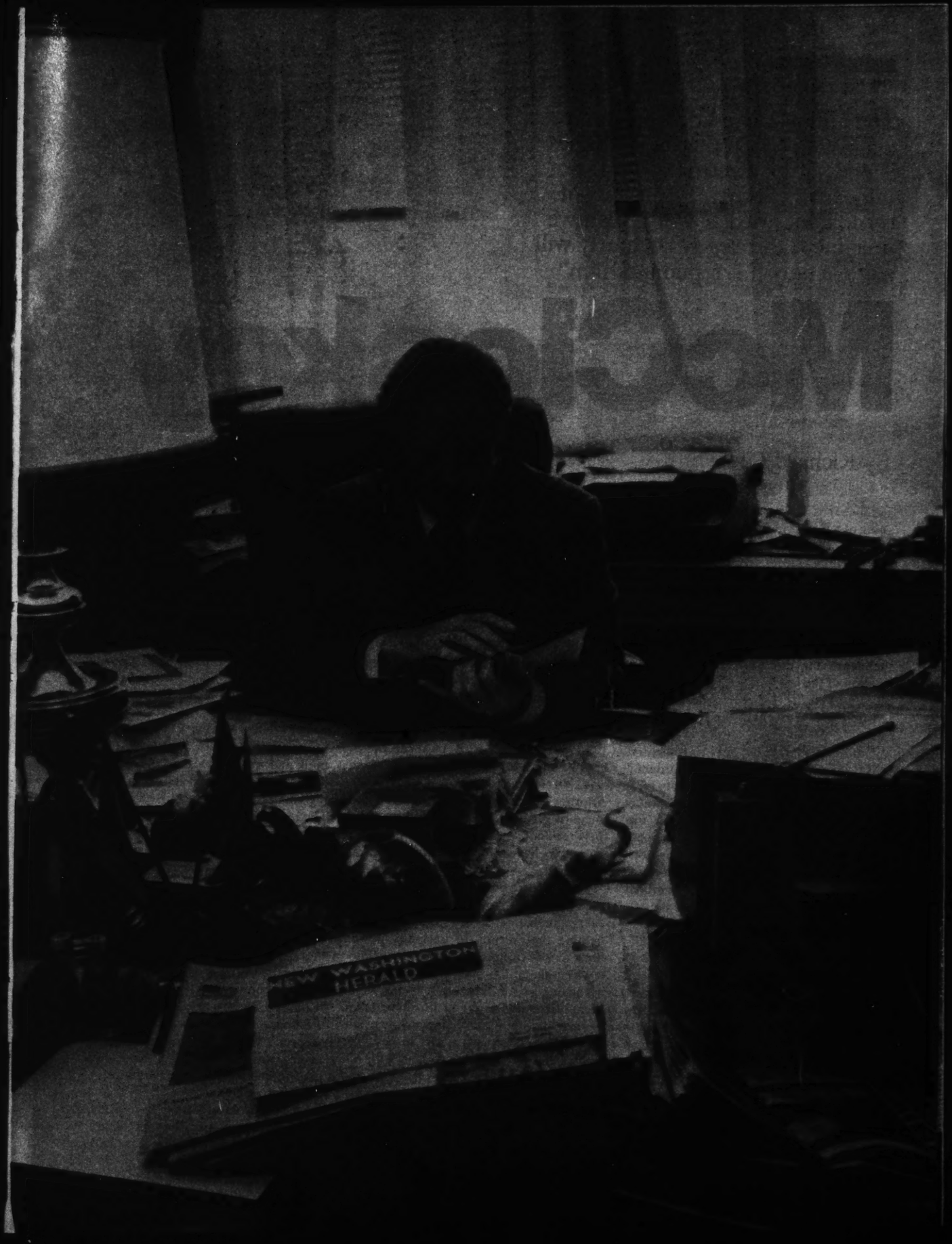
"It's no more open now than it ever was for Congressional Republicans," Ashbrook says. "There's probably less political input than there ever was, there are probably more mistakes made than ever before."

"If, during the very critical years, 1969 to 1972, three or four conservative leaders had joined me in criticizing the President's isolation, his palace guards—Ehrlichman and Haldeman—I think we'd be in a little better position now. Of course, the Republican party showed no leadership and went along with the President regardless of the price."

John Ashbrook does not think President Nixon should resign until Gerald Ford is confirmed as Vice President. When asked what kind of President he thinks Ford would make, Ashbrook replies, simply: "A better one." ●

Until recently, John Lofton was editor of the official Republican Party publication, Monday. *He is now a nationally syndicated news columnist for United Features.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY BENSON


NEW WASHINGTON
HERALD

At a '72 rally, McCloskey, right, the Nixon challenger, and Al Lowenstein, who led the '68 dump-LBJ campaign, grasp thumbs in the counter-culture handshake.

The anti-war candidate who ran against Nixon in the '72 primaries is now in the forefront of the impeachment drive. "This guy, it turned out, was far worse than we imagined," he says. "The party will survive only if it repudiates him"

McCloskey

By Richard Boyle

It is Friday morning, the beginning of a weekend for most Congressmen. Paul N. McCloskey Jr., who in the last Presidential election chanced political hari-kari by challenging the leader of his political party, Richard Nixon, dictates to his secretary from a law book: "Section 1505 of Title 18, U.S. Code, makes it a crime to attempt to obstruct, impede, or influence the due and proper administration of the law."

"Pete," I ask him as he looks up, "where does the Republican party go from here?"

"It's simple—the party must disassociate itself from the President," says Pete, who looks like an off-duty lumberjack in the heavy wool shirt he's wearing. "If Republican Congressmen are forced to defend the President in the next primaries, they could face very tough opposition." Because of Watergate, McCloskey foresees many incumbent Congressmen facing challenges in the primaries from anti-Nixon candidates.

"Is there any hope for the party?"

"Sure," he says. "We have about 30 good Senators and maybe 65 or so good Congressmen." He rattles off some names, good and dedicated men, some of the best minds in the nation, and to McCloskey, it seems a shame to watch them dragged down with Nixon.

McCloskey goes back to dictating the letter, and my mind wanders, thinking back to when I returned from Vietnam in 1971 with a story about a company of U.S. infantrymen who were surrounded by the North Vietnamese at Firebase Pace—when most American combat troops had already been withdrawn. The men at Pace did not want to be the last GIs to die. They wanted out of the war and asked me to personally deliver their petition asking to be withdrawn. Ted Kennedy didn't want to get involved with me, so I went to McCloskey. He called a press conference to play the GIs' tape and soon after McCloskey's press conference, the Nixon administration announced a pullback of not only the men at Firebase Pace, but all ground combat troops in Vietnam.

"Section 3 makes it a crime to assist people who have committed a crime, to prevent their apprehension, trial and punishment," McCloskey dictates.

I ask what he's dictating.

"It's a letter to Republican members of the Judiciary Committee," Pete says. "It seems to me, from a District Attorney's standpoint, there is clear and uncontrovertible evidence admitted by the President, which establishes probable cause to believe that he is guilty of several felonies."

McCloskey likes to be out in front. As a Marine lieutenant leading a bayonet charge in Korea, as a crusading lawyer fighting the erection of unsightly power lines, as a novice politician who sunk Shirley Temple and the Good Ship Lollipop, as the first Republican to run against President Nixon and as the first Congressman to raise the question of impeachment on the House floor, Pete McCloskey has shown that he is willing to lead with his large square jawbone.

But the cost has been high. I saw Pete at the Republican convention in Miami and he was a virtual leper in his own party. Delegates shunned him, and some even called him a ratfink to his face for daring to challenge the President. The administration played dirty tricks on him that he would characterize only as "kid stuff," but which others close to him said went beyond politics . . . to his family life. Pete separated from his wife, Cubby, soon after the campaign ended.

But he kept speaking out, and now his mail is running 6,000 to 150 for impeachment of Nixon—something of a vindication for the maverick Republican who dared take on the President of the United States.

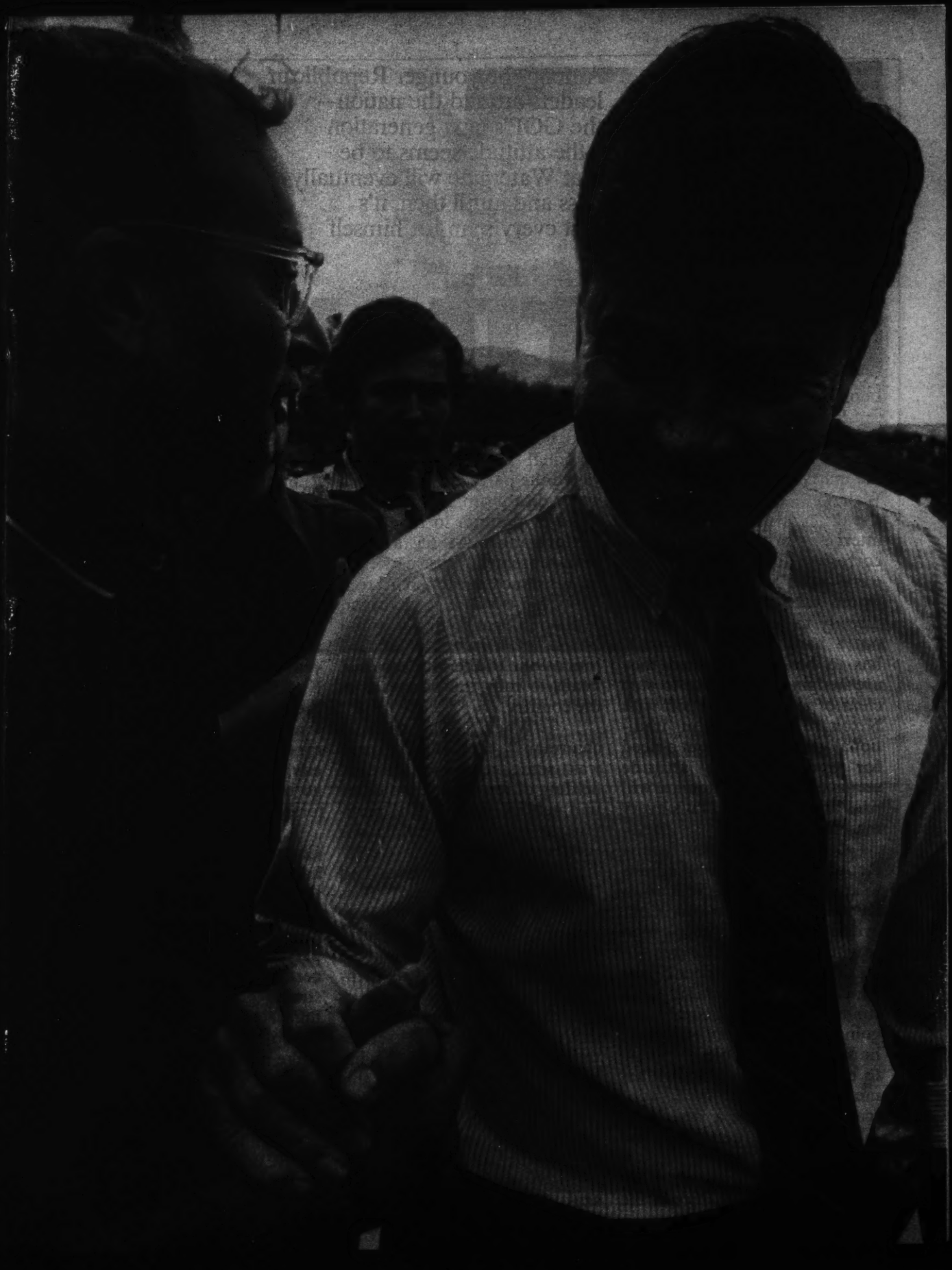
"You know," McCloskey says, putting down his law book, "the guy (Nixon), it turned out, was far worse than we ever imagined." There is a sense of loss in his voice, a deep sorrow. But McCloskey, a former assistant DA, picks up the law book and resumes reading the charges he is making against the President . . . reading charges the way a prosecutor would. The idea that the President of the United States might in fact be guilty of such charges is staggering.

While everyone seems to be saying Nixon has to go, McCloskey wants to make sure, which is why he is spending so much time with legal precedents regarding impeachment.

"It got pretty scary around here during the Mideast war," McCloskey says. "I don't know if he (Nixon) was trying to scare us or the Russians with that military alert. One thing is sure, his credibility is suspect." Would the President really play nuclear roulette? I ask. McCloskey says, "I haven't heard one Congressman who has not entertained that idea."

McCloskey feels that the Republican party, with a nucleus of about 100 good Congressmen and Senators, will survive—if it repudiates Nixon. "If they don't," he says, "they deserve to lose." ●

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY BENSON



Among the younger Republican leaders around the nation—the GOP's next generation—the attitude seems to be that Watergate will eventually pass and, until then, it's just every man for himself

The inheritors

Looking at the young Republican leaders around the nation, the next generation of GOP hopefuls who must overhaul the party from the wreck of Watergate, it is difficult to find a real crusader among them. In interviews with NEW TIMES correspondents, only a few were openly outraged, few would take the White House directly to task, few could lay out a hard program for what has to be done. Instead they are hedging and trying to step clear of any identification with Nixon. They speak in traditional generalities about a need for openness. The attitude seems to be that Watergate will pass and until then, "it's every man for himself."

One of the few young Republican leaders who admits to any real worries is William J. Keating, a 46-year-old Congressman from Ohio who recently announced he was going to become president of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* rather than run again. "Every incumbent is going to be seriously affected," he says. "The people are going to be looking to the individual more than ever for any taint of scandal. We have a rebuilding job to do, and a rebuilding job starts at the grassroots. Now is the time for someone like Ray Bliss who knows politics at the street level."

But Ray Bliss, the man who stepped in as Republican National Chairman and salvaged the party after the Goldwater disaster in 1964, is in no mind or position to repeat the performance. At 65 and in semi-retirement, Bliss now runs an insurance agency in Akron, Ohio. He is still vice-chairman of the national committee, and Nixon most recently drafted him as one of the four regional heads to rally the party across the country.

"When I was national chairman," says Bliss, "there was some aggressive action, fielding of top-flight candidates and getting on top of the pertinent issues that the public was interested in.

"Both parties have had their ups and downs," Bliss says, "so I presume we'll survive this one and come back." However, he doesn't think the party has yet reached its turning point. "There's always something new popping up in this (Watergate) thing, setting the party back and damaging morale. I think that once this thing is cleared up, why . . . then you can reverse that." The key problem in fielding a candidate who "looks like he has a great potential today," Bliss says, "is that tomorrow you find that he's in some way involved in some aspect of Watergate."

None of the following Republicans with potential has been involved:

Congressman William S. Cohen of Maine, 33: "I don't know for sure how we'll be affected. The night when it was announced that two of the tapes never existed, my 10-year-old son Kevin said, 'Dad, I wish we were living back in the days of George Washington.' There's a real danger that cynicism will harden and calcify, and each one of us has to go back and talk to the electorate to prevent that."

Congressman Robert P. Hanrahan of Illinois, 39: "The best thing is for us to go back to our districts and hold town hall meetings, rap sessions with the people, find out what their concerns are, their ideas. We should go to the colleges and high schools, even elementary schools and show the kids we're not actually monsters.

"A lot of us are not too concerned with the party. We had to run on our own in '72; we didn't have any help from CREEP. It was our constituents who helped us, and our job is to do what they want us to."

Congressman Barry Goldwater Jr. of California, 35: "Although I don't feel the public has blamed the Republican party per se for Watergate," says Goldwater (with his wife Susan, *above*), "the strength of the party has not been helped. I believe the Republican party must be open and candid about its beliefs and must actively seek intelligent, articulate candidates for public offices. Without a strong two-party system this nation will falter and in a sense the two parties have been too cooperative with each other, back-scratching on narrow, special-interest issues which do not benefit the general public. Only the re-emergence of a strong Republican party with men and women of high ethical standards who are not afraid to open their mouths will accomplish this end."

Attorney General John Danforth of Missouri, 37: He led the renaissance of the Republican party in his state in the late '60s—first elected Attorney General in 1968, he almost defeated Stuart Symington for Senator in 1970, and then was re-elected Attorney General in 1972. The pressure now is on him to run against Senator Tom Eagleton. If Watergate has any effect on the party, says Danforth, "obviously it will be a bad one. It gives financial backers yet another reason not to give, and gives young people yet another reason to be discouraged about working in politics."

But Danforth is not sure how devastating this effect is going to be. "There's no way of voting for or against Richard Nixon again," he says. "He's run his last race and whether they will vote against incumbents or against the Republican party as a whole we don't know."

U.S. Attorney Somes Thompson of Illinois, 37: "People have told me that the worse it gets in Washington, the better it gets for me," smiles big Jim Thompson, a six-foot, six-inch, 230-pounder. Appointed by Richard Nixon in November, 1971, Thompson has been making headlines ever since by his prosecutions at the expense of Mayor Richard Daley and the last great Democratic political machine. So, in Chicago, the winds of Watergate blow in a different direction.

"My byword," says the ambitious Republican, "has been to run this office with integrity and integrity is what the country is hungering for. I don't see all that many lasting problems for the Republicans due to Watergate. There has been a lot of talk from Republican party workers that it has been hard to recruit for party work, to fill party posts and that normal contributions are drying up. But that's a temporary problem. I don't believe people will punish the party because of Watergate; they will make the distinction between men and party."

One of the men he hopes people will make that distinction about is himself—already people are talking about his chances of being the man to finally unseat Mayor Daley. "Most of the political experts say that I can't beat Daley and that if I could, I couldn't run the city anyway," Thompson says with a booming laugh. "I don't think that's true. I think municipal politics are very exciting.

"But don't get me wrong," he adds, sounding like a future candidate, "I don't have any political plans. The day I do is the day I should leave office."

Still a supporter of Nixon—"He has done some good things and also listened to some bad advice"—Thompson nevertheless believes Watergate will have a healthy effect on the country's politics. "Watergate has brought to a head a growing notion that the country will no longer stand for the old-style corruption in politics," he says. "I don't believe in the existence of a 'post-Watergate mentality'—that's just nonsense politicians make up to excuse their actions."

State Senator Hamilton Horton of North Carolina, 42: The vest of his three-piece suit hanging in a corner, the sleeves of his white shirt tidily rolled halfway to the elbow, Hamilton Horton sat in his Winston-Salem office and lit a Winston.

"After what happened this election day you have to assume that there will be future backlash against incumbents, especially Republican incumbents. In the short run the scandals may hurt us—though it will be undeserved. Heaven knows, we had nothing to do with those clowns. CREEP always was a one-man affair. They hoarded all that money while good Republican candidates all over the country were going down the drain for lack of funds.

"Those Nixon people don't have a great legacy here. The advance men would come down last year like field marshals from some banana republic—'We'll need so many cars of this and that color'—Southerners don't much like being ordered around."

Horton, commonly accepted as a "thinking man's conservative," can get away with saying things like, "Here, politics can still be the pursuit of a gentleman." He is the minority joint-caucus leader of the North Carolina General Assembly (his predecessor, James Holshouser, is now the Governor) and a man with a political future. These have been good years for North Carolina Republicans. Of the top three officeholders in the state, only Sam Ervin is a Democrat—and his seat comes up for re-election next year. Horton just may be the candidate.

"The Republican tide has been coming in for a couple of decades," Horton says. "As long as we stay generally to the right of the Democrats, we will keep growing. For whatever reason, people moving into the state and the young people are pretty conservative."

Like Barry Goldwater, Horton believes Watergate happened because of the kind of men Nixon brought in with him. "The trouble lies," Horton says, "in his selecting people who are only waist level. We've seen the decline of the cabinet system, and in its place a President who is surrounded by sycophants who owe their very existence to imperial favor. Every man in Nixon's position needs to have a cousin at his right hand—a blood relative for an advisor who can sometimes tell him he's a damn fool."

Republican State Chairman Clarke Reed of Mississippi, 45: "Today Nixon is stronger than ever in Mississippi," says Reed, "and I think the Republican party is, too." The rumbling for impeachment, he says, "is the most irresponsible attempt to tear down the Presidency since the radicals vilified Andrew Johnson for trying to help the South during Reconstruction.

Reed, who thinks the public, with its short attention span, will soon forget about Watergate, reckons a conservative Republican will be the Presidential nominee in 1976 and, in any case, "any Republican could carry the South."

Reed hopes the party will turn back to the issues that brought him into politics in the first place, "the fundamental Republican beliefs in fiscal conservatism, local government and a strong defense. In general I think Republicans are drawn to the basic issues, unlike the Democrats who get involved with personalities.

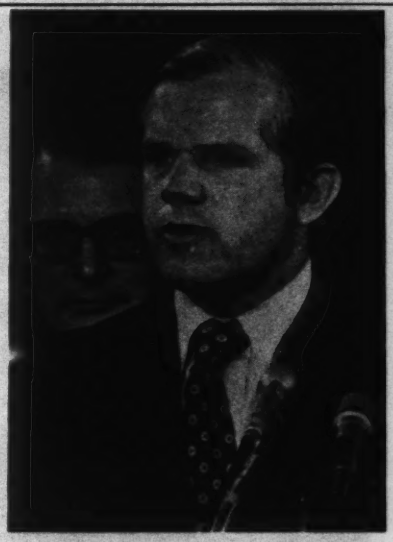
"Democrats believe in man's perfectibility," Reed says. "We believe in his fallibility. That's why I don't consider that the party is in trouble, despite Nixon and Watergate. At least not in the South, where Watergate has mattered the least. We're grateful the liberals have Nixon, instead of us, to kick around."

U.S. Attorney George Beall of Maryland, 36: Sometime last month, George Beall ordered a secretary to take a picture off his office wall. It was a glossy photograph of former Vice President Spiro Agnew. It bore an inscription which read: "To George Beall. A very able U.S. Attorney."

Beall, who doesn't like to talk about the picture anymore, was the man who led the prosecution of Agnew and seeded the already dark cloud hanging over the Republican party. "When the first hints of Agnew's involvement in political corruption surfaced," says Beall, who led the prosecution of the Vice President, "I was scared. Here we were on a collision course with the second highest officeholder in the nation."

But it was the "strong, inspired guidance" of Elliot Richardson, Beall says, that placated his fears. A picture of Richardson, even though he has resigned, remains on Beall's outer office wall. And when he talks politics, Beall always seems to mention Richardson. "Mr. Richardson would provide a viable opportunity to restore confidence in a system that is obviously damaged. I would hope the Agnew case can be viewed as a plus for the criminal justice system," he adds. "It was a manifestation of the old axiom that 'No man is above the law.' I think we reasonably terminated the case to the satisfaction of 'most everyone."

In his three years as chief prosecutor for Maryland, Beall has ignored party lines. "I'm an independent," Beall says. "And I'm autonomous from the



Nixon administration. . . . I declared that when I was appointed and I declare that now."

While he denies any future political ambition for himself, saying he'd prefer to go back into private law practice, insiders think he has a bright future in public office.

"I don't forecast doom and destruction for the Republican party," Beall says. "People on the White House staff and others attached to the administration were primarily responsible for what happened. The Republican party is not the party of political abuses. It happened before and it will happen afterwards. I think the party's future should be separate from the administration's future."

The odd thing is that Watergate may very well have the effect of drawing young people back into politics—and into the Republican party. At Harvard, where the Young Republican Club had dropped to 25 members during the Vietnam low in 1968, the club is now experiencing a resurgence. This year, with 225 members, the club has become the largest political organization on campus. And another 200 freshmen have inquired about joining.

Recently the executive committee of the club met to decide whether to draw up a statement calling for Nixon's resignation or impeachment. "I think he should resign," said one of the members, Kevin Fogarty. "No further disclosures on his part are going to be believable to anyone. We should totally renounce him. It's the one issue with which we agree with everyone at Harvard. We don't want to rubberstamp the community feeling here, but as Young Republicans we don't want to rubber-stamp Nixon either." ●

Our writer follows a family fighting in an outlawed army—and happens upon the helicopter prison break that became the IRA's greatest political coup

The making of an IRA legend.

By Richard Boyle

The huge clanking doors swung open in the fortress, Mountjoy prison, which the British had built near Dublin in the South of Ireland centuries ago to lock up Irish patriots. Two such patriots, visitors this day, walked out the gate, and the blue-uniformed guards, who were Irish, bowed respectfully. Sean Keenan, a man in his 50s, gently helped along the other man, Joe Clarke, who was bent over by his 91 years. A guard tipped his hat to the old man as he moved past slowly, on short crutches, taking each step gingerly and in pain. Joe Clarke winked at me with those bright, lively eyes which are so much younger than his years. "Good day, Mr. Clarke," said the last guard. I took a photograph of the two men walking out of the prison, and Joe Clarke said, "You can say we just escaped from Mountjoy." He chuckled like a man who has some wonderful surprise to present at a later time.

Sean Keenan pulled out an old-fashioned railroadman's pocket watch. "It's 12:30," he said, and he smiled.

Three hours later on that overcast Dublin day, several hundred IRA prisoners were shuffling about Mountjoy's central exercise yard. Since they were all Irish Republican Army men in this section, political prisoners, they could wear their own clothes, and most had on sweaters or heavy jackets against the damp cold. The guards, carrying submachine guns, paced about the turrets which looked down on the yard. There were also guards, or warders, as they're called, in the yard itself.

Suddenly there was a loud chopping sound overhead and everyone looked up. A light, French-built helicopter plopped down right in the middle of the exercise yard. One of the guards, thinking it was a surprise visit from the Irish minister of defense, said to another guard, "Nobody ever tells me anything around here."

Then the guards realized this wasn't a government visit. A masked man leaned out of the cockpit and pointed a revolver at the guard's head, and three prisoners bolted through the rotor-blade wind storm for the helicopter. As other prisoners surrounded the stunned guards, the Alouette helicopter lifted straight up, cleared the prison walls, turned and shot away. The men in the yard began to cheer. They slapped each other and yelled as loud as they could, because they knew that—in the space of less than a minute—the IRA had just pulled off one of the most dramatic political-prisoners' escapes in history. The IRA had freed its ex-chief of staff, Seamus Twomey; Kevin Mallon, a key unit commander; and Joe O'Hagan, an alleged gunrunner.

That night the Dublin Prime Minister, Liam Cosgrave, called together his army, police and security chiefs for a crisis meeting. He was furious, because the great escape represented a major political defeat. Thousands of troops and police scoured the countryside looking for the three IRA escapees and the mysterious American, Mr. Leonard, who had hired the helicopter from a Dublin airport firm to photograph ancient Irish monuments. But they all seemed to have vanished. Cosgrave, whose coalition government was badly shaken by the IRA adventure, probably asked his security chiefs why the Mountjoy guards hadn't riddled that helicopter with submachine gun fire and shot it out of the sky?

Mr. Cosgrave may never find out the answer to that question. But I have an idea. The two men, Sean Keenan and Joe Clarke, who visited Mountjoy that day may well, just by their presence, have had some influence on the Irish guards' trigger fingers.

Joe Clarke is a name known to every Irishman. He is one of the last survivors of the 1916 Easter uprising, the birth of the Irish nation and its most sacred anniversary. Its most sacred heroes are the men who fought in that uprising which led to the 26 southern counties of Ireland becoming the Free State. That first government, headed by Eamon De Valera, allowed the British to retain the six northern counties in the Empire, a compromise that men like Joe Clarke have never forgiven in all the ensuing years. A number of the original volunteers even took up arms against their former colleagues, "the traitors in Dublin," back then. The Free State government proceeded to kill more Irish soldiers than the British had.

The other man who came out of Mountjoy, Sean Keenan, is a present-day hero to the Irish who are fighting the

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Richard Boyle, who has been a combat correspondent in Vietnam, Israel and Ireland, is writing a book on keeping his head down.

Sean Keenan, left, and Joe Clarke, veteran of the 1916 uprising, leaving Mountjoy prison three hours before the dramatic break.

PHOTO BY RICHARD BOYLE

British occupation of the six northern counties. Sean Keenan is from Derry, one of those northern counties, and he has been fighting for a very long time. It has been costly for Sean Keenan. He has buried a son and a grandson. He has seen his other two sons and his son-in-law hauled off to prison. And Sean himself served 12 years in British prisons for his involvement in the unsuccessful IRA border campaign against the North in the 1950s.

"The Irish government is more our enemy than the British Army," Sean Keenan says today, and with reason. Last December, under pressure from Prime Minister Edward Heath of Great Britain that there be a crackdown on the IRA in the South, the Irish government passed an amendment that allows the police to jail for up to two years anyone who is *believed* to be a member of the IRA. This belief can come to the police from an undisclosed source. It was the Amendment Act which landed Seamus Twomey in Mountjoy—and just about every other important IRA leader in one prison or another in the South, where they once were safe.

Although he holds no official rank in the IRA, Sean Keenan is one of the top strategists of its political arm, the Sinn Fein. He is usually the man called upon to go abroad and meet with leaders of foreign countries. Keenan is also a trustee of the powerful Irish Northern Aid, which the British say is responsible for arming the IRA.

I first met Sean Keenan last December, when it looked as if the Amendment Act would have little chance of passing in the Irish parliament. I had been covering the war for a British magazine and had spent several weeks with the high command of the IRA Derry Brigade in the small town of Buncrana, which is right across the border, in the South, from Derry. We were sitting in the back of a bar on the only street in town—Sean, his sons Sean Jr. and Seamus, and Brigade Commander Martin McGuiness. I had seen British Army newspaper reports on "Butcher" McGuiness, which said he had killed five British soldiers with his hands. But Father Joseph Barr, who stopped by this night, said he had known Martin since he was a wee boy, and no finer lad there ever was. "You know," said the priest, "he never used the Lord's name in vain, and that's a fact."

The news came on television, and when it was announced that the IRA had that day killed one British soldier and wounded 11 without taking any casualties, a cheer went up in the bar. But Sean Keenan did not rejoice. "How many have to be killed before they get out of Ireland?" he asked, and looked away. Then he looked at his own two sons, and I saw the pride fill his eyes. He began talking with that same loving pride about his daughters, Roisin and Nora, still living across the border in Derry. Then he went to the bar for another whiskey, and someone there mentioned the son he'd lost, Colm, and Sean's right fist tightened and his eyes lowered. He stood silent for a long moment, staring down into his glass of hot Paddy's.

When word came on television that the Amendment Act vote might well be close after all, Sean said, "I'll have to go to Dublin tomorrow." He didn't mention that he might be gone more than a week, would very likely miss Christmas with his family. The public rallies he could organize to protest the law's passage were more important than Christmas.

I stayed the next few nights with Sean's daughters, Roisin and Nora, who still live in Derry. It isn't safe for Sean or his sons to go home, but they at times take the risk anyway.

Roisin and her husband have three children and live in the Creggan, a bleak row of government-owned houses facing the muddy Foyle River. Over her fireplace, Roisin has two pictures. One, an old black-and-white photograph, I recognized as Padrag Pearse, whom the British killed after the Easter uprising. The other picture, of a handsome young man, was of Colm Keenan. Staff Captain Colm Keenan, Roisin's brother. His picture is in many Derry homes, usually with a wreath.

Colm was a member of the Provisional IRA, which began in Derry in Northern Ireland in 1969. Until then there was only the aged, tired, official IRA which didn't even respond to the firebombing and machine-gunning of the Ulster ghetto dwellers, both Catholic and Protestant, who protested job discrimination. The Provos responded. Colm's exploits as the commander of the elite commando strike force of the Derry Brigade became legendary. Hijacking a double-decker bus, and blasting the British from the upper windows. Dressing up like doc-

"You know," says a young British soldier on guard, "not all you Irish are that bad."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL ABRAMSON

tors and freeing a wounded IRA man from a hospital ward. In IRA units the commander is always out in front, and the IRA have lost many good officers. Colm was cut down by British bullets in a gun battle one evening. A thousand marched at his funeral in the Bogside, and women say the rosary for him every day at church.

Now, Colm Keenan's sister, Roisin, cradled her baby in the living room, beaming with pride. "You want to hold him?" she asked. I have always been afraid of babies, and they always seem to know it. But young Colm reached out a pudgy hand and grabbed my finger, slobbering happily.

"You're a strong lad, aren't you, Colm?" said Roisin. His mother is also strong. With her father gone most of the time, she runs things in the family. Once the British Army came looking for her brother, Seamus. As he fled out the back door, she met the troopers forcing in the door. She met them with a bucket of hot water. Flinging the water in a soldier's face, she screamed, "Get out!" The enraged soldier whipped the SLR rifle off his shoulder and pointed it at her. "Get out of Ireland!" she cried. The soldier lowered his rifle and left.

Nora was watching us holding little Colm and came over and also held him to her breast. Nora's husband, Cyril Camming, is in Long Kesh prison camp in the North. Nora was pregnant when Cyril was lifted. She would visit him every chance she had, and he would ask how she was doing. Fine, she would say, and Cyril would beam. It would be a son, a fine, strapping Irish lad, he would say. And with a son on the way, Cyril could take anything.

Cyril had information the British wanted. "We do not engage in torture," the British public information officer, a major, had once assured me during a briefing at a Belfast military post. "We may use the deep interrogation method," he said, "but it isn't torture."

No, the British don't use torture. They do have a little game they play. It is a simple game, really, as related to me by several people who have played it. All you have to do is count the dots on the wall.

First, however, you must lean against the wall, spread-eagled, until your arms ache so much you collapse. Then you are propped up again. Sometimes they put a black hood on your head, and there are shattering high-pitched noises, like sirens. This goes on for hours. When your body is so wracked by pain that your mind becomes mush, they start the game.

"How many dots on the wall, Taig (which is what they call Catholics)?" the deep interrogator asks.

"Thirty-seven."

A guard kicks you in the groin, and you drop, only to be lifted again. "What's a matter, you stupid Taig? Didn't they ever teach you how to count?"

The dots merge together.

"Thirty-six." This time a club smashes into your kidney, and you pass out, but they use smelling salts and the game goes on for hours, sometimes days.

Cyril never told Nora about it. "How are they treating you," Nora would ask, and he would say fine and ask about the baby, when it was due. Toward the end of her pregnancy she went to see her husband, and his face didn't look the same.

His eyes were black, his nose was bent, misshapen, and his lips were puffed. Doctors put 17 stitches in his face after a session of deep interrogation. Cyril, it was said, got tired of playing count the dots and told them to fuck off.

After her visits to Long Kesh, Nora would go home and cry all night. Her doctor put her under sedation, but it did no good. Nora and Cyril's baby died.

During the time I stayed with Nora and Roisin, their brother, young Sean, was attempting to slip into Derry from the South. British soldiers stopped his car at a roadblock and seized him. Sean Jr. joined Cyril in Long Kesh. The Derry Brigade had lost its number three man, and Sean Keenan the elder had lost another son.

The only one of Sean Keenan's three sons still battling the British was Seamus. Several days after his brother was imprisoned, Seamus and I, his fiance Kathleen and a young woman I knew named Maura spent an evening drinking in Buncrana. We all got loaded, and Seamus decided he had to go back to Derry to see his sisters at least once before Christmas. Kathleen begged him not to try, but he was stubborn. So we all piled into my Austin mini and drove across the border. As always, my American accent and my British press card got us through without any close inspection. There was only one more roadblock to get by before we reached the safety of the Derry Bogside.

If Seamus killed the soldier, I thought, I would have no choice but to grab the rifle and shoot the other three

I pulled up to the roadblock and stopped the car. Four British soldiers were huddled around a coal stove, and one strode over and said, "Turn off your headlights." He was wearing a camouflaged suit and a green beret, with an SLR rifle slung over his shoulder. "Papers," he said. I gave him my press card and U.S. passport. Maura and Kathleen smiled sweetly and handed over their identification papers.

The soldier shined his flashlight into the back seat and saw Seamus. His eyes were closed, his head nuzzled into Kathleen's shoulder. "What about him?" asked the soldier. "Oh, he's drunk," said Kathleen, still smiling. "Got to see his papers." Of course, Seamus, who was pretending to be asleep, didn't have any. "Do you really have to wake him up?"I said to the soldier, "he's really wiped out." The soldier, who had a baby face and couldn't have been over 18 years old, then ordered us all out of the car. Seamus staggered out. "Let me see your papers, please," the soldier said to him. I was drunk on the Paddy's-and-Guiness boilermakers we'd consumed, but suddenly my head cleared at the soldier's order.

Seamus wasn't as drunk as he acted, and I knew that he was gripping the knife he carried in his coat pocket. "I said let me see your papers,'"the soldier persisted. Sean looked at me, and then at Kathleen, who was terrified, although she outwardly appeared calm. I knew what he was thinking. We had three options: One, run for it, and probably get an SLR slug in the back. Two, give up, and prepare to play count the dots. The third option, I knew, was the one Seamus was thinking about. In IRA commando training there is a maneuver, a knife thrust to the throat in such a way that the victim cannot scream. I looked at the bulge in Seamus' pocket and at the three soldiers by the coal fire. If he killed the soldier, I would have no choice but to grab the rifle and shoot the other three before they had time to react. I have never killed anyone, and I shuddered.

Seamus smiled at the soldier with a broad Irish grin and lifted a half-empty bottle of cheap sherry. "Have a swig, mate," he said. "Can't while on duty," the soldier answered. "Ah come on," said Kathleen, coming up to the soldier. "It's Christmas." The soldier gazed at her, at her warm smiling face, then looked down. "Well, all right," he said, and took a hefty gulp. Seamus slapped him on his back, and said, "Go ahead, mate, have another swig."

The soldier took another and handed back the bottle. "Look," I said, "I hate to break up this party, but I have to get this young lady home before her father has me shot." Seamus and Kathleen quickly got into the car, and I started the engine. The soldier leaned his baby face into the window and said, "You know, not all of you Irish are that bad." Kathleen reached over, touched his hand and said, "Merry Christmas," and I sped off.

When we got home we all embraced and then flopped down, totally drained, exhausted. Kathleen looked at me, and then at Seamus. "He was just a kid," she said. "I wouldn't have killed him," Seamus assured her, but I wasn't assured at all.

It was a bad Christmas, that year. The vote on the Amendment Act was deadlocked. The switch of one vote would mean a heavy defeat for the British campaign to get the Irish government to crack down on the IRA. An hour before the final vote was to be taken, a violent explosion shook Liberty Hall in Dublin. The people of the South until then had been spared the sight of blood, but now it spilled in the streets of Dublin, and hundreds of dying and maimed were rushed to the hospitals. The IRA was blamed for the explosion, and the new law was voted in.

A few days later Irish Special Branch detectives picked up Martin McGuiness outside Buncrana and carted him off to Mountjoy. Then they grabbed Seamus Twomey, Joe Cahill, and, one by one, all the leaders of the IRA were in prison.

The Irish police later found that it was British agents who were going around the South of Ireland setting off bombs and blaming it on the IRA.

Seamus Keenan had avoided arrest by leading a Scarlet Pimpernel-type life, dodging patrols, climbing over rooftops and scurrying through back alleys. It was as if he were daring them. Once the troops came to Kathleen's house when Seamus was there. "He's my brother and he's mad," she told them. Seamus drooled and hung his head to the side. When they asked him his date of birth, he said April 7, 1839, and drooled some more, so they left. Another time he was with Roisin and escaped arrest only because the women of the neighborhood spotted the troops coming and banged garbage-can lids on the ground to warn Seamus. But in June, the British sent an entire infantry company to surround the house. There was no escape. An informer sold out Seamus.

Now they were all gone, all the Keenan boys. "We can beat the British," Sean, their father, told me, "and we can beat the traitors in Dublin. But it is very hard to fight them both at once." But he kept on fighting. Smuggled across the border from Canada, he went to America to raise money and support, and then secretly returned to continue the struggle alone.

I left Ireland last January and I returned three weeks ago to see Seamus at Crumlin Road prison in Belfast, the capital of Northern Ireland. I met Roisin outside the prison, and she told me about Sean Jr.'s trial. He was charged with being a member of an illegal organization, namely the IRA. The trial lasted 30 minutes, but it took the jury three hours to reach a verdict. Not guilty. The packed court exploded when the verdict was returned. Roisin and the other women acted as sort of a bodyguard to rush Sean out of the courtroom. The British have been known

Since December, 1972, anyone merely "believed" to be a member of the IRA could be jailed in the South of Ireland. Many have been.

to disregard jury verdicts in Ireland. They disregarded this one. Outside the court, troops and police grabbed Sean. Roisin fought for him, punching and kicking, until they beat her up. They hauled Not Guilty Sean Jr. back to Long Kesh for the duration of the war, however long that may be.

Now, we waited for about an hour to see Seamus—who will not even have a jury trial. I was taken into a small room and searched. Then Roisin and I were taken to a cubicle where Seamus waited. We embraced, then sat down, a guard on a platform watching us.

Seamus was in good spirits, and I asked him how he got along without his Guiness and Paddy's. "Oh, we make our own stuff. Grapes and yeast. Then we boil the shit out of it. Not too bad," he grinned.

"How are they treating you?" I asked. He said the regular warders are afraid of the IRA men, because it can be a long walk home, but the British Army commandos a few weeks ago rampaged through the prison, beating up prisoners. The Brits, he said, had recently lost some men and that was a way of getting revenge.

Then he told me some hopeful news. Crumlin Road prison is divided into three sections. The IRA men have one wing; the common criminals another; and the Loyalist armies of the North, the UDA (Ulster Defense Association) and Ulster Volunteers, have their section. In recent months there has been increasing hostility between the Protestant armies and the British troops. Last month a British soldier killed an Ulster militiaman in an argument and then defected to the IRA. I had seen three-way gun battles, free-for-alls between the British, IRA and UDA, all blasting away at each other. After the commandos ransacked the IRA wing, a UDA officer told the IRA prisoners that if the Brits came back, call, and they'd help.

The guard came over and said, "Time's up." Seamus touched my arm and asked, "How's Dad?"

I had been with Sean Keenan the night before and told Seamus what his father told me: The struggle has been hard. Joe Cahill, Twomey . . . all the IRA leaders are in prison, and just when they are needed most. But it doesn't matter, his father had said. It doesn't matter how many they kill or imprison, they will never destroy the Irish nation. A nation is more than a flag, or a parliament building, his father had said. The government in Dublin isn't the Irish nation; a nation is the spirit of the people. For 800 years the British have tried to destroy that spirit, and they've failed.

"I said, 'Time's up,' " the guard repeated, and Roisin and I left. Outside Roisin whispered, "We hear the next four months will be critical." She said the IRA had information that the British Army may be pulling out. The British people back home have had enough killing, and the troops are becoming demoralized. Two British battalions, she said, are to be pulled out of East Belfast next month.

"What will happen?" I asked.

"I don't know," Roisin said. "Maybe civil war."

On the train back to Dublin, I thought of Roisin's words. If the British did pull out, there could be a very bloody civil war. And if there was to be a civil war, I knew the IRA would not only need their top military strategists, but they would also need a major political victory to draw the people together, mesh them for the battle.

The next morning I waited outside Mountjoy prison in the South for Joe Clarke and Sean Keenan. They were visiting Joe Cahill, who had suffered a heart attack a few weeks earlier in the exercise yard. Next to Twomey, Cahill—who had been captured earlier in the year by the Irish Navy while trying to run guns through the blockade—was the IRA's top military strategist. While waiting, I chatted with the guard outside the prison.

"How long will all this continue?" I asked.

"I guess until the British are out of Ireland," he answered.

"That will be a good day," I said.

"Yes, it will," he replied.

I smiled at the guard and he smiled back.

When Joe Clarke and Sean Keenan came out of the prison, we took a bus into Dublin. Sean was going to risk returning to Derry. Although the cemetery is watched, he sometimes goes there very early in the morning. He stands by the graves, one normal-sized and one very tiny, his son and grandson. He can never stay very long.

Three hours after Sean Keenan left Mountjoy prison, the IRA, in a rented helicopter, had pulled off their major political victory. And without spending a penny. The unknown American, Mr. Leonard, got the helicopter on credit.

Of such stuff legends are made. This, undoubtedly, Dublin Prime Minister Liam Cosgrave knows all too well. As an Irishman, he knows the power of a legend, and he knows the judgment of history. Even before he was able to alert his security forces to begin the massive search, the children in the musty slums of the Bogside and along the banks of the muddy Liffy, the men in the pubs of the Falls Road ghetto, and maybe even a few of Cosgrave's own guards, began to sing this little song:

"The length and breadth of Ireland
No Finer sight to see
The day the Provie birdie
Released the Mountjoy three."●

As the Chicago Seven reconvened in court to fight their contempt charges, Judge Hoffman sat alone, several floors above them, remembering

Judge Hoffman today: Nobody calls him "Julie" anymore

By Bob Greene

Julius J. Hoffman was still incredulous, four years later. "It was one afternoon in 1969, following a session of the trial," he said, "and I was leaving the building. As I was leaving, who should come out of the revolving doors, but Mr. Abbie Hoffman, and Mr. Jerry Rubin, and between them, on both of their arms, was a very well-known social butterfly you may have seen about town. And when Mr. Abbie Hoffman saw me, do you know what he did? He began to wave his arms at me, and yell, 'Goodnight, Julie!' That is what he said! 'Goodnight, Julie!' He called me 'Julie'!"

Judge Hoffman laughed, cackled; he rocked back and forth in the big chair behind his desk in Chicago's Federal Building. He seemed happy to have a visitor; he is 78 years old now, and he is not seen much in public any more, not that his name goes unspoken.

As a matter of fact, recently it had been spoken every day for weeks, right here in this same building. The Chicago Seven had come back to town, along with their attorneys, in an effort to shed the contempt charges that Judge Hoffman had laid on them during the famous Chicago Conspiracy Trial four years ago. But it was faintly odd; each day, as the defendants and their witnesses spoke of Julius Hoffman, painted him as a representation of all the oppression and blindness and government scheming that they had perceived in America during the days of the first trial, the words were fierce, but the tones were mild. It was as if they now saw Julius Hoffman as a symbol of evil and tyranny so anachronistic, so out-of-date with America in 1973, that his actions during the first trial could be discussed with the cold detachment of history. Yes, they wanted to get the record cleared, they wanted the contempt charges dropped, they wanted to win this appeals trial. But when they spoke of Julius Hoffman, there could be no mistaking the message in their voices. It was as if they were speaking of a dead man.

And so one day, during the appeals trial, just after the name of Hoffman had been quietly uttered again, it seemed like a good idea to try to see him, to confirm that he was, indeed, not a dead symbol of judicial misconduct, but a living man who did, in fact, come to work here at the Federal Building every day. It was just a matter of a quick walk from the courtroom, and a short ride in the elevator to the 17th floor, and a search through a series of back hallways, and there he was, all alone in his chambers, reading a transcript in the late-afternoon sunlight that streamed through the window.

"Well, well, I didn't see you genuflect when you came in," Judge Hoffman said. "Did you know that I am a Senior Judge now? That calls for a little deference, don't you think?"

He is tiny: short and wizened and sparrowlike, fragile and neat, such an unlikely figure for one who, not so long ago, had managed to divide the entire country into people who either loved him or hated him. To look at him and realize that he was the center of a national storm of vicious, angry, full-throated emotions is remarkable, but that is over now.

"How is it?" Judge Hoffman asked. "Have you been up to watch the new trial? Is it a capacity crowd? Is it a sellout? I heard not, and I heard that the judge up there is allowing the press to sit in the jury box. I would never do that, not even during a bench trial. It's not right. The next thing you know, people will be draping their overcoats over their seats."

He swiveled in his chair, and said that of course it would not be right for him to talk about the appeals trial. And then almost immediately he proceeded to start talking about it. The current trial must hurt him terribly inside. He is near the end of his life, and bit by bit all of the convictions that came out of that first trial have been thrown away by appeals judges who say that he grossly mishandled his duties. As he talked this day, all of the substantive counts had already been reversed, and there were only a handful of contempts left. It was all falling apart for him.

"I will tell you what I think," he said. "I think that my judgments in that case, as to all of the defendants and their lawyers, have served the country. My judgments have served to put down disorder and disruptions in the courtrooms. Why, there is no doubt about it. I haven't had a fresh lawyer in my courtroom since that trial ended! And I haven't heard of any fresh lawyers showing up in courtrooms here in the building, or around the country. When a lawyer is punished for misbehaving . . . well, then, the next one might think twice before he misbehaves.

"I received a great deal of mail after that trial. Not so much now, they just come in every once in a while now. Ninety-nine percent of that mail approved of my conduct. I can't remember a letter with truly bitter criticism. I would be hard-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETE PETERS

put to find one.

"I remember once, after the trial, I was invited to a Sunday-morning breakfast at the White House. And that Reverend Billy—what's his name? Billy Graham, he gave a little preliminary talk. He said, 'People say the country is going to hell. But as long as we have judges like Julius Hoffman, I don't have any fear of what's going to happen to the country.' Why, I didn't even know the man! Isn't that a nice thing for him to say?

"And then, the same morning, Mrs. Nixon said to me, 'Everyone in Washington is for you.' And another time, Vice President Agnew came up to me at a reception. He walked right up and said, 'My name is Agnew.' I knew who he was, of course, and then he said that he thought I was a great American. I guess a lot of people thought so. And they *ought* to think so, if I may say so."

The visitor asked Judge Hoffman if he felt funny that, four years later, the defendants were back in the building again.

"Back in the building?" he said. "They came right into my new courtroom! Last week! The marshals knew they were coming, of course. I just let it pass. They came in the doorway in a giddy sort of fashion. I believe Mr. Abbie Hoffman had a baby on his shoulder, and Mr. Jerry Rubin, I believe he had taken his whiskers off."

For all of his talk, though, Julius Hoffman knew that if Edward T. Gignoux, the federal judge hearing the contempt appeals upstairs, decided to wipe out all of the Hoffman rulings, there would be no more arguing. All of the charges that, during the original Chicago Seven Trial, his court had been biased, mean-spirited and vindictive would be forever recorded as truth.

"What do you think would happen?" Judge Hoffman asked his visitor. "What if this judge lets all of these guys go? What do you think that would do to the public? Why, I was at a party last week, and everyone there said to me, 'Who is this fellow Gig-knox, or Gig-knee, or Gig-new?' They didn't even know his name. They said to me, 'Who is this fellow? How can he possibly get the feeling of what it was like for you to go through that trial?'

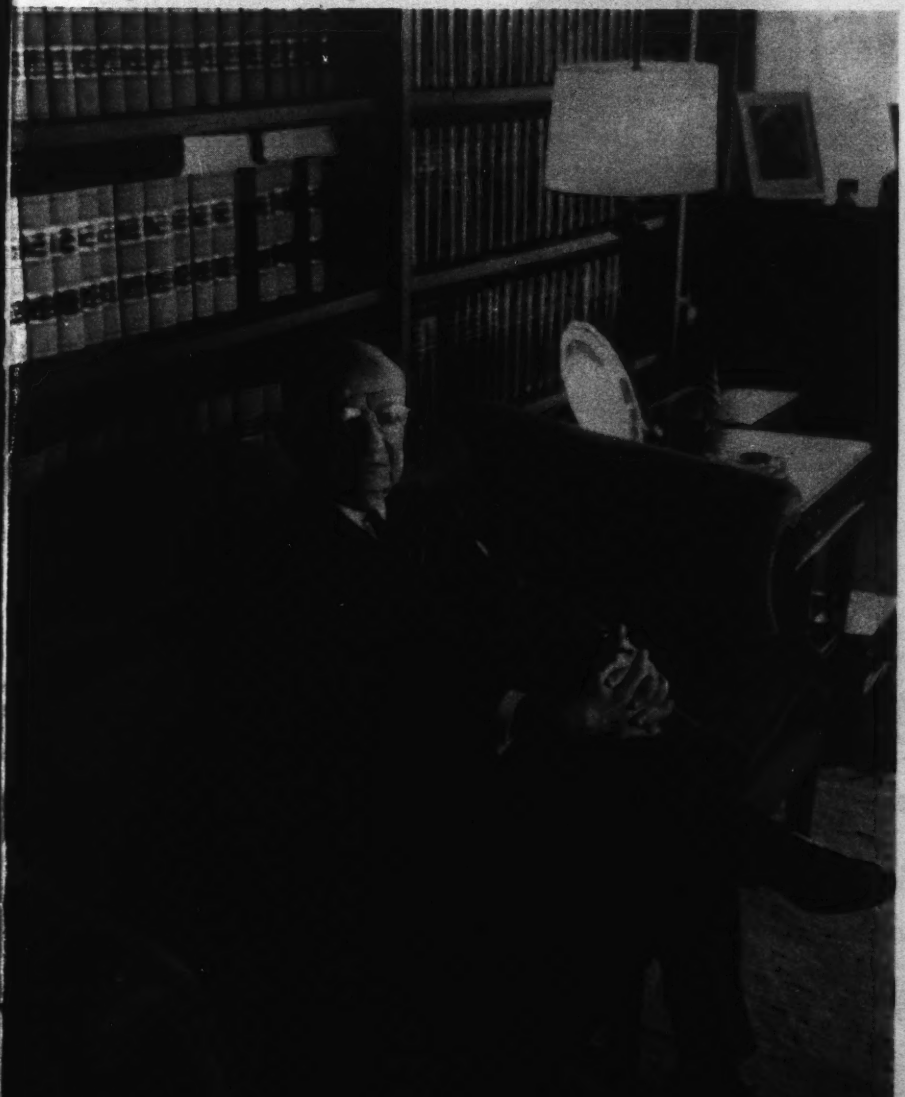
"Oh, I don't give a damn. Some judges let their personal philosophies enter into their rulings. Not me! Why, I never heard of these fellows before I tried their case. But if you want to believe in the philosophy of Mr. Abbie Hoffman, and of Mr. Jerry Rubin, if you want to stomp on a judicial robe, right in the courtroom, all right, if you get any fun out of that. . . . But I have a reverence and an affection for the law. . . ."

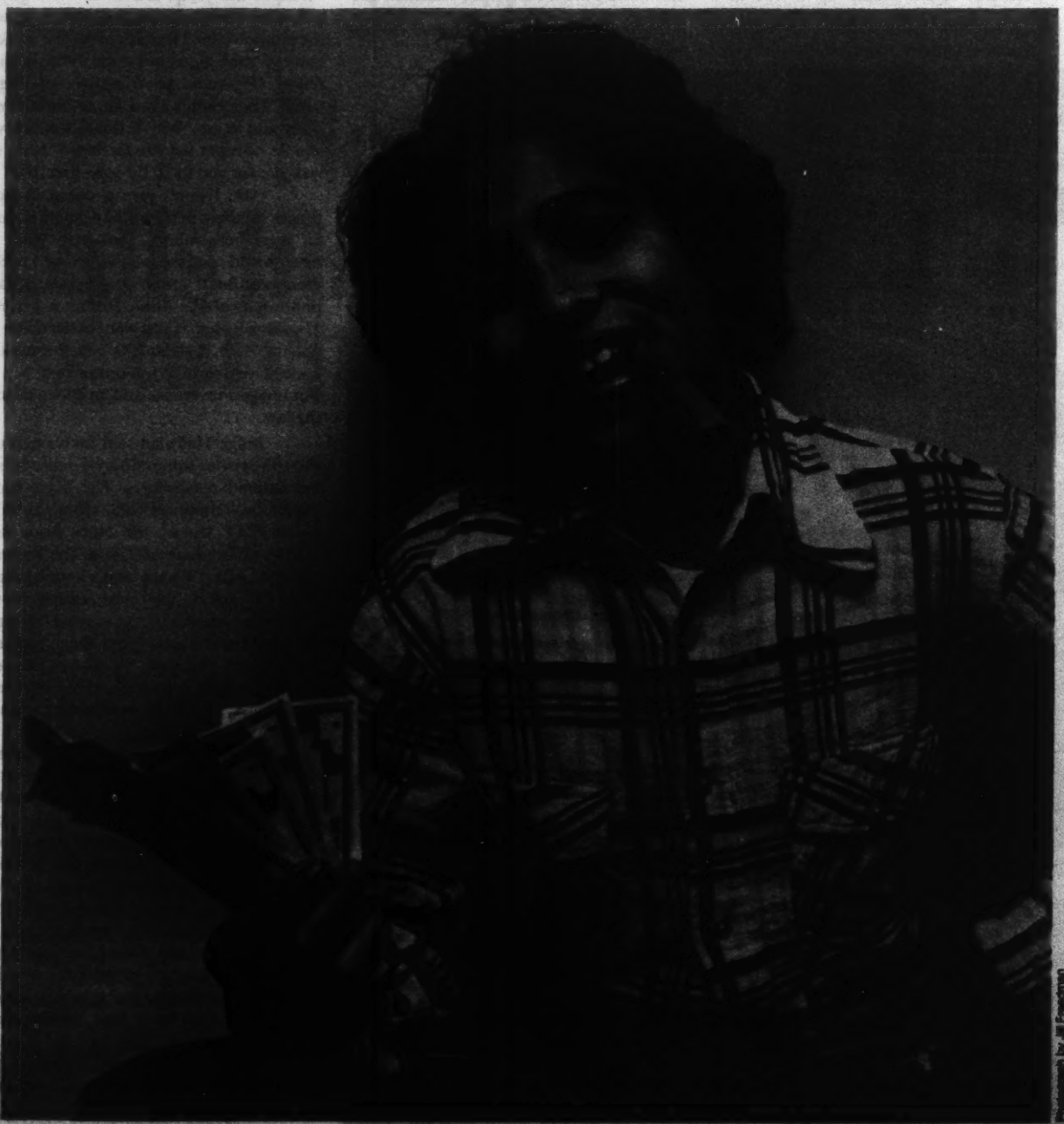
Judge Hoffman said he wanted to show the visitor some editorial praise from the nation's newspapers. The judge produced two clippings: one from the Altoona (Pa.) *Mirror*, the other from the Racine (Wis.) *Journal-Times*. The Racine editorial said, "We applaud a heroic judge who has struck the most telling blow against lawlessness in recent years." Judge Hoffman read aloud from the editorial. "You know," he said, "it always amazes me that smaller papers like that can manage to get writers so intelligent, so talented."

The judge had an appointment, and he led the visitor from his chambers. In his outer office he began to point to plaques that had been presented to him by local civic groups. He gestured at a scroll from the Patent Law Association of Chicago. "Some people think I am not a man of intellect just because I have tried some of these so-called freaks," he said.

Upstairs, the fading remnants of the Chicago Conspiracy trial continued. In front of his certificates and trophies, Julius Hoffman spread both arms, turning and taking them all in. "Not bad for a little Jewish judge, eh?" he said. And then he laughed. He turned and turned, laughing all the while. "Not so bad at all!" he said. ●

In his office, Hoffman says he will never write about the trial. "That would not be dignified. I have something else in mind: 'The Papers of Julius J. Hoffman.' "





Photograph by Jill Freedman

Soul dollar teachin' beats preachin'

How a classroom game teaches ghetto kids about the real world

By George Richmond

I had been teaching a fifth-grade class in a New York City ghetto school for three months, and the children and I had spent virtually all that time waging war. After trying many things and getting nowhere, I came to school with a plan, some materials and a question that eventually altered everything.

"How many of you are poor?"

There was no response.

"How many of you are poor or come from poor families?"

Still no response. Nearly every student in the class was from a family that depended on public assistance to survive. Yet, asking for an admission of their condition violated the social and economic anonymity fostered for so long in school.

The lack of an answer to my question didn't deter me. Their silence was so unusual I knew there were vibrations.

"How many of you want to know how the rich get rich?"

Everyone raised a hand.

"How many of you have played Monopoly?"

Seven students raised hands.

"That's very few. I'll have to start from the beginning. Monopoly is a game that teaches us how to get rich buying and selling property. Our version of that game has a different name, Micro-Economy."

"That word you said, *Micomony*, whasit mean?" asked Juan.

"Micro means something small. An economy is a system of stores, jobs, goods, things you wear, eat, or drive, houses, factories, movies, everything. An economy makes it possible for you to be housed, fed, go to school, find a job, and be entertained. Micro-Economy means small economy. We are going to make a small economy in this room."

"Shooooe, I thought you wuz gonna give us mini-comic books."

"Sorry, Juan. If it makes you feel any better, Micro-Economy may turn out to be more fun than a comic book. I've got an idea. If you write your own comic book, I'll buy it from you."

"How much you pay?"

"Four hundred *soul* dollars."

"Soul dollars? Whatsa soul dollar?"

"From now on, I'm going to buy compositions with this." I held up a bundle of paper money that I had mimeographed the day before. "These are soul dollars. They come in ones, fives, 20s, 100s and 500s. You'll also get a dollar for each point that you score on a spelling or math test."

"You mean ya gotta be smart to get that money?"

"You'll have to work hard, Rosa."

"Hey, Mr. Richmond," Sandoval called. "You expect us to get rich off that phony stuff? Man, if I take that phony-baloney down to the candy store, all it gonna buy me is a kick in the ass."

Everyone laughed.

"At the end of each month," I said, "I'm going to bring books, brownies, cookies, soda, and other things to school and auction them off to the highest bidder. That means that the people with the most of this phony-baloney get what they want."

"You mean this money buys things, real things?"

"Yes, I'm going to pay you for your work because it's valuable to me. Then I'm going to bring stuff—candy, soda, and other things—and you'll trade your work for food just the way your parents do."

"There are several kinds of auctions," I continued. "One kind is a place where I sell you cake, but there's a second kind of auction in Micro-Economy. Instead of buying refreshments, you buy land."

"What land? You gonna bring land to sell, too?"

"The actual land is located on those shelves and tables and on top of that clothing closet. When you build houses, we'll put them on the land you buy. Do you see these pieces of paper? These are deeds to the land. When you buy and sell land, you use these pieces of paper to do it, to exchange land for money."

Sandoval raised his hand. "What good is this land? It just wood."

"Once you own land, anyone who lands on it pays you rent."

"Do we throw dice like in Monopoly?" asked Barbara.

"No, a transportation manager moves you."

"What's that?"

"It's a job and I'll hire two people for it."

Ten hands went up: "Me, me, me."

"What does it pay?" asked Rosa, the hardheaded businesswoman.

"Fifty dollars a week."

Ten more hands shot up.

From the book, The Micro-Society School: A Real World in Miniature, *to be published by Harper & Row, Inc. Copyright © 1973 by George Richmond.*

Whenever the scores are posted, all the youngsters race to the board to see where they stand.

"I only need two people for the job. Those of you who are not chosen today will be offered other jobs in a week or two, so don't worry about finding work."

"Well, how do you play?"

"Okay, listen carefully. Every move has four parts: assessment, transportation, marketplace, and auction. During assessment you bring me your houses and anything else you want to put on your property to make it more valuable. I'll assess it. That means I'll tell you how much it's worth."

"How can you tell?" asked Juan.

"Well, I look at what you've built. If you make a beautiful house, it's worth more than an ugly one. If you put a lot of work in—build furniture, make windows, hang curtains, put in wallpaper, anything—it will be worth more. The second step is transportation. Everyone finds out where he's landed during transportation. It only takes a minute. Then comes marketplace. During marketplace, you may walk around the room, talk to whomever you please, make deals, borrow money, sell land, buy houses, form partnerships, visit the bank, or pay and collect rent you owe or are owed."

"How do you know how much to collect?" asked Raoul.

"Rent is 10 percent of the assessed value. That means if the property is worth $100, the landlord collects $10 from anyone who lands on it. Let me teach you a trick for figuring the rent when your property rents for 10 percent of its assessed value. To get 10 percent of $400, all you do is cross out the last number." I went through several examples until they all had the idea.

"If you ain't got no land, can you build a house?" asked Raoul.

"You can build, but if you have no place to put the building, you can't collect rent. But you can sell your house to someone else or sell it at auction. Model builders have a very good chance of becoming millionaires in this game."

"This is gonna be cool!" said Mannie, " 'cause I love makin' models."

"Try to figure out an answer to this question. Say you landed on property number five. Say it costs $400. You have $200 and need another $200 to buy it. How do you get the rest of the money?"

Mannie thought for a moment and then looked at me with a winning smile. "Geez, Teach, I couldn't buy it, could I? Maybe you would let me have the property on credit. You know, I could pay you maybe next week when I get some more money."

"Sorry, Mannie, I don't give credit."

"Teach, you got no heart. You hard like a rock." Mannie groaned and hammed. "Hey, Sandoval, baby, you got soul and money, right? You make me a loan of two hundred, won't you?"

"Sure, anything for a friend."

Mannie smiled triumphantly.

"Sandoval, would you charge Mannie interest for the use of your money?"

"No, Mr. Richmond, Mannie's my best friend."

"Shooooe, I wouldn't let him get away with payin' nothin'," Rosa broke in. "I'd make him pay me 20 pesos to use *my* money. I don't care what kind of friend he is. If a bank can loan-shark $10 on every $100 you borrow, then why not me? Answer me that. I ain't rich like no bank. Man, I would even charge you more. I ain't stupid like Sandoval."

Rosa's words were having their effect on Sandoval. He looked at Raoul. I read both their faces.

"If Raoul were in his shoes," I said, "would Raoul do the same for him?"

If it was the first moral dilemma raised in the Micro-Economy, it would not be the last. Admitting society to the classroom seemed charged with potential.

The next day we began actual play. After what seemed an awkward introductory period, the game ran smoothly. The pace continued to pick up as more and more currency was pumped into circulation. Every student who wanted a job found one. Those who took jobs performed enthusiastically. Students doubled their academic output. A week later I began teaching the students in 308 the fundamentals of accounting. They kept records of income and expenditure, and these records provided them with ample

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arithmetic exercises. A month and a half later, several students began showing signs of leaving their comrades behind in the race to acquire the consumer goods I was supplying.

Ramon became 308's banker. Frankly, I would never have predicted that Ramon would get the job. When I first began teaching the class, Ramon was quiet, well-mannered, but uncoordinated; he played only a nominal role in the daily skirmishes that claimed our energies. In the order of selection for a punchball team, Ramon was often the last to be chosen. Sometimes team captains refused to let him play.

In one respect, Ramon's passivity was an effective strategy for survival. As every hack in the schoolhouse knows, if you keep to yourself and take few gambles, teachers and other students don't bother you. Ramon made no challenges, so few calls were made for him to defend himself in the brutal infighting that went on in 308. At least, this description fitted Ramon until we started playing Micro-Economy.

After I introduced money to the classroom, all that multiplying, adding, and subtracting began to make sense, and Ramon's life began to change. He was unanimously chosen to be banker. He became rich by getting 100 on his math tests, and after I began paying for points on spelling tests, he scored perfectly there, too. Instinctively entrepreneurial, Ramon turned a part of his cash holdings into property; the rest he loaned to his classmates. Both investments earned him enviable returns.

As Ramon got richer and richer, he began to pay a price for his success. The cloak of anonymity came off; he became important and powerful; his advice, previously ignored, was now sought by other children. At first he continued a policy of avoiding conflict, but he found himself inevitably at the center of things. Choices were inescapable. As banker, he had emerged as a figure on whom the fortunes of others depended. Since Ramon had no physical resources, it came as no great shock to anyone when he hired Raoul to protect his interests, to collect his debts, to run his errands. No one but me saw the significance of that seemingly inconsequential reversal of the student hierarchy. Muscle had surrendered to commerce. Soon after this development I persuaded Raoul and Ramon that it might be better for everyone if Raoul performed police duties for the whole class, and I began paying Raoul to protect and to enforce the as-yet-unwritten laws. There were other signs of change. The first indication of Ramon's emergence had been a line of children waiting to see him with their financial problems. The second sign, however, really shocked me. Ramon was now among the first to be chosen for punchball.

Late in June the Selective Service System ended my work in the New York City schools by assigning me to the Transitional Year Program (TYP) for a stint as a conscientious objector. TYP provided young men and women from minority groups with a 13th year to prepare for college, and me with employment in a 24-hour-a-day position as assistant director, instructor, and dormitory resident. TYP was affiliated with Yale. During the course of my first year there, I met Tom Edwards, the dean of one of Yale's colleges, who left to become the director of Broad Jump, and Tom became interested in my ideas. When TYP recessed for the summer he urged me to join his staff at Broad Jump's Trinity School campus in New York City. I agreed.

Nine months of the year, Trinity is a private school for boys. But during the summer, Trinity School rents its facility to Broad Jump. Every weekday, 130 boys between the ages of nine and 13, predominantly black or Puerto Rican, come from the Lower East Side, Harlem, East Harlem, and the South Bronx by subway and by bus to the school.

The prospect of implementing the Micro-Economy game here excited me. Along with six other teachers, I implemented the real-estate game; we played in the afternoon. The staff also used the currency in the academic program to compensate students for their work. It gave the program focus and excitement. And while the impact of the incentives on the students was uneven—some reacted strongly and positively, others only weakly—everyone agreed that on the whole it was positive. One black teacher went further: "It's time black kids knew this. It's time they learn how to run institutions. My people have always been run *by* institutions."

Teachers paid students a week's wages on Friday. Students earned that money in a standard academic program offered in the morning. Each teacher developed a wage scale for the students in his classes. On Friday the teachers filled out a form listing the earnings of each student and sent it to the office to be inscribed in individual student bank accounts.

Students spent their "soul dollars"—scrip—or invested it. Some spent their earnings at two auctions, one held the third week and the other held the sixth. Educational games, books, athletic equipment, photographic equipment, comic books, records, food and other items were offered at these auctions. Others discovered that their soul dollars could be exchanged for commodities on an informal basis. For instance, Emil Jackson reputedly sold Afro-combs for $200 in Broad Jump currency. Tom's announcement that the program would no longer supply students with free pencils but would sell them for two soul dollars each inspired another student to stay after school and collect stray pencils—and then undercut the established price by offering two for three dollars.

Every teacher paid wages differently. Some teachers paid five dollars for attendance. Others refused to pay children for merely being somewhere, insisting that they do something for it. One teacher paid $10 a week for neatness. However, the

majority of the staff used the allocation of $100 per student per class to encourage extra work, to reward effort or originality, and to ensure completion of assignments. One teacher who had been somewhat worried that she might be contributing to a "capitalist" mentality stopped me in the hall at the end of the summer to tell me she had changed her mind. "Your system helps people like me to get at moral issues. Beats preachin' anyhow."

"As simply as I can say it, our job is to create a society in this school! We will start by generating an economy." I had accepted an invitation to return to Trinity for a second summer and was now talking to the new Broad Jump staff. "We want to expose students to fundamental economic concepts. We also want to integrate each activity in the school with every other—we want to make what happens here a bit closer to the real world.

"Every time I do this program something different happens. I'm not sure I know why. Perhaps it's personality differences, the size of the class, age, teacher—it isn't clear. When I think of last year the first person who comes to mind is Worthington. A big kid. Muscles in his fingers. Not a tough kid. He did his work. Well, he got excited by the money, the game, got excited by just about everything. In his own quiet way he made an impact on everyone. He stood outside school in the morning making deals and talking to his partners. He invented it—the partnership, that is. That may not seem important to you; it may seem obvious, but it wasn't. Not to anyone. You might say he discovered the principle of cooperation. Within a week everyone else in the school learned it from him—discovered that by joining together in an enterprise, by pooling resources and talents, they could create something very powerful, something more effective than when you work alone. That principle revolutionized everything. One minute everyone's on his own. A week later everyone's in a group. Imagine what happened inside people's heads.

"You don't look astounded. All right, think—what if children learned the principles of cooperation and organization in school? Imagine how different their world might be. Mind, they learned it without sermons.

"One teacher used soul dollars to bribe students to be good. He paid five dollars if you stayed in your seat, 10 dollars if you kept quiet. Whenever a crisis came he'd offer to raise the ante. It took the kids maybe a week to run him to the liquor closet.

"Another teacher fined one student $500 for getting up on a chair. Well, it infuriated the kid. If he paid up, it would have meant that he was knocked out of the game for the rest of the summer. He vowed to wreck the school. Don't use a tank to kill a mosquito. Small fines work just as well as large ones. We're not in the business of fining and bribing students, we're trying to get 'em moving, to build their possibilities for action. When incentives are misused, we risk setting the whole thing back."

"What happens to children who can't pay their bills?" said Judy Perez.

The others in the group chuckled.

"First, understand we have an inflationary economy. We pump new money into circulation all the time, so everyone usually has some money."

"But some children will be poor, won't they? Do they go on welfare? What happens?"

"Last year a teacher in this program proposed a one-percent tax on income to help poor children."

"And?"

"His students refused. Many of them came from very needy circumstances, parents and relatives on public assistance; no one wanted any form of welfare. Their teacher said everything he could think of to get them to reconsider. Nothing doing."

"They hate El Welfare," said Judy. "They hate what it does to them. I'm not surprised. This program allows them to separate themselves from the lot of their parents. You expect them to give that up?"

For the first three weeks of the second summer, the Micro-Economy program unfolded predictably. We introduced the currency. We taught everyone the game. Students began learning their roles, and teachers began delegating responsibilities to them. But then side effects began to show. Many of these could be related to the differences in mental and social age between the 10-year-olds and the 14-year-olds. Older students were using a variety of devices to extract funds from younger children in the program. The techniques varied from extortion to pickpocketing. By encouraging all students to secure their money in savings accounts, we were able to cut down the outright theft.

But by far the most dramatic defense against the hustle was initiated by the fourth-graders themselves. They talked Bob Forest, a counselor, into helping them recoup their losses. With his guidance and their perseverance, they formed the first corporation to evolve in a Micro-Economy setting, and within two weeks they were dominant, owning as much as 30 percent of the property.

The finale came at the auction. Everyone looked forward to it. There were several hundred items: basketballs, educational toys, games, T-shirts, candy, cake, soda, notebooks and other school supplies, a couple of watermelons, and hundreds of paperback books donated by a children's-book publisher. Groups were formed. Brothers were pooling money with brothers. Kids from the same block were going in together to buy something really good that they could share. Bob Forest donated a camera to the sale. It was snatched for 7,000 soul dollars. No kid went home empty-handed.

As I left Trinity that day, I ran into two students who were sometimes lugging, sometimes rolling a huge watermelon

It didn't matter what kind of commercial-world game Richmond started, the kids got involved—and learned.

down the sidewalk toward the subway. They got to a hill and it started to roll. They started after it, tackling it just before it reached the street. They picked it up exuberantly. Another boy passed me dribbling a basketball. Every third or fourth bounce, he'd stop dribbling to spin *his* basketball on his forefinger.

After Broad Jump there were other projects, each more elaborate than the last, but the basics remained the same: the children would earn money by completing various classroom assignments (extra credit work, tests, homework, attendance); they would buy, sell, mortgage and rent "property;" declare bankruptcy; they would and did learn double-entry bookkeeping; set up a postal system, newspapers, a comic book industry; and, as a not inconsiderable by-product, learned reading and arithmetic as well. Each classroom had its own micro-economy, and the economic system led to law and order. Students sued instead of fighting over claimed injustices. In one class, Julia ran out of money the fourth week. The amount she spent exceeded the total amount she took in selling goods in her own store and from other sources. Her creditors, caught unaware, reacted as merchants would anywhere. They screamed. They tried to repossess articles they had sold. They ran to the teacher for justice.

The teacher suggested a trial. It was determined that Julia owed $150 and had only three dollars. It was also determined that she no longer had most of the goods she had bought. "What do we do?" the judge asked the teacher.

"I can tell you what big people do. When someone goes broke, the people owed money ask a court to declare bankruptcy. If the court does, it usually orders the sale of any property the bankrupt party owns. They set up an auction. The money from the sale gets divided up among the people she owes. Sometimes a court will garnish wages. That means a certain amount of the salary a bankrupt person earns goes to his creditors—to the people Julia owes money—until the debt's paid off.

Julia's lawyer spoke up. "Your honor," he said. "Julia is the poorest kid in the class. Now, I admit, she did wrong. And it would be wrong for her to get away free. But it wouldn't be so good either if she got made to pay—or maybe got fined. She'd be poorer. Wouldn't be nice to her feelings. She always lose—and it don't help nobody for her to lose more."

The judge pounded her gavel on the table. "This is the court's decision. Julia owes $150. She pay $75 future money. What do you call it?" the judge asked the teacher.

"Garnish."

"Garnish Julia $75. Toward the other $75, the whole class pays one dollar each. That's $31, which leaves $44. That means that the four people she owe money to, you lose $11 each. I decided this way because it's not fair you be the only ones Julia don't pay. But I also think you should remember not to let people who have no money charge it. I also think Julia has a little money. It's not good that one person be so poor."

In addition to adjudicating breaches of credit contracts, many classroom courts paid considerable attention to torts—cases in which some injury was done by one student to another. Appellate courts heard appeals from convictions. Student professionals (judges, bankers, tutors) were paid extra for their work.

Three times a year the soul dollars earned were redeemable for goods at a classroom auction. Students pooled resources to make major purchases. Students began to offer checking accounts, interest, loans and credit for a consideration. One borrowed from another class and discovered he had caused deflation in his own. Commerce and learning flourished.

The economic and judicial systems led to a political system with a constitutional convention (democracy won by a hair's breadth over a police state), a general referendum to ratify, an election and a student legislature. And these, in turn, led to a Children's University, with student-employed professors, a catalogue of courses and a reading tutorial program.

I left the New York City school system last year, because I wanted more commitment to the experiment. I want to build the Society School, not to continue a pilot program year after year. In an effort to launch a serious research-and-development effort, I have now established the program in Boston, where I hope to train teachers, administrators and parents for what I hope will be a sustained effort to develop the possibilities of the idea. I have visions of extending the program into the secondary schools, and a Children's Income Plan with money earned in school redeemable for advanced education. School, I believe, has too long been a custodial enterprise for millions. I propose to connect students with real-world careers outside. With the teacher as guide and support, I want to give children the skills and knowledge to change their schools and make a world I want to live in.●

How Burt Reynolds and Jon Voight launched a daring, new weekend adventure

Ever since Voight and Reynolds fought the Chattooga rapids in *Deliverance*, thousands of people have been challenging death on the same river

by Franklin Ashley

"I'll tell you, Frank," says Jim Dickey, the poet and author of the novel *Deliverance*. "We had—we had all kinds of suggestions. One time," he hisses in more air, "one time—well, at first one hopeful director said, 'I know, let's make 'em two men and their wives.' Then another one said, 'No, let's have 'em two men and their mistresses. We could get a different sex angle.' " I look at the mountain of books behind him, my mouth open. "Then still another one said, 'What about hippies—a sort of *Easy Rider* in canoes?' And—and still another wanted four Neegroes."

"Unbelievable," I choke.

"But—," he holds out his hand, "but there's more, Frank. There's more. The last one said—and he was serious—he said, 'Let's have 'em Martians!' "

Deliverance was made. It was admired, damned, lauded, maligned and nominated for an Academy Award, but regardless of the critical response or public attitude—people went to see it. And then the Chattooga River, where the film was shot, became littered with all combinations of directorial freak-apart imagination. Negroes, hippies, men and wives, men and mistresses, black and hippie, man and child, dog and wife, baby and father, blind and deaf—everyone came to run the rapids, to pleasure themselves by challenging death, testing their 20th century courage.

The Chattooga had not been totally undiscovered before *Deliverance*. For years small bands of men had fought the current and rocks. But after the film opened, this obscure and virtually unnoticed cluster spiraled into a small battalion of up to 300 people each weekend who came to run the river: in rafts, kayaks, canoes, rowboats, innertubes—and any other craft that might float. "Now you can play the game," Lewis had said in the book and the movie. He and his partners had teased disaster into striking. And each weekend in spring and summer of 1973 brought larger and larger legions to play the game and some died trying. The crunch and crash of white water smashed and wrecked and ripped and killed indiscriminately. Already 14 have died in the rapids; the majority were college-age youngsters who played the game flat out, daring each other into stupid blunders—such as entering a section that demands expert skill to stay alive.

The river is divided into four sections, each several miles long. Section one, which runs 10.1 miles and contains two 15-foot waterfalls, as well as a 30-foot monster, is most dangerous. The latter part of this section has 12 painfully tight rapids known as The Narrows. After this comes the most pleasant section on the Chattooga, which runs from Highway 28 to Earle's Ford. Sections three and four increase in intensity and danger, but also in beauty. The scenery in section four looks as if it has been perpetually preserved, untainted, as if it could never be reached by automobiles.

The Chattooga River can be found in the wilderness between Clayton, Ga., and Westminster, S.C., at places like Highway 76 Bridge.

At "76 Bridge" there was no provision for parking where I pulled in; the cars slanted on the roadside as if their drivers had stopped to view the remnants of a three-car collision or a drowning. But the minute I shuffled down the clay slope toward several small fires vibrating in the dust near the river, I saw Winnebagos and campers and Plexiglas tents and Volkswagen buses. And somehow I felt that I might be called upon to dedicate my life to Christ, for I sensed the aura of a religious retreat here, a kind of bizarre, peaceful separation from civilization.

The first fire was banked by clay and a Volkswagen bus. The bumper sticker was still unfrayed enough to send its message, "Don't Blame Me/I Voted McGovern." Two boys, one with long blond hair and the other with sharply contrasting black locks, tenderly poked the damp, smoking sticks.

"Just been down?" I asked, nodding toward the river.

"Not very far," said the blond boy. He looked as if he should have been serving wine during the intermission of *Godspell*.

"We just came through that last part," said the dark-haired boy.

"Bull Sluice?"

"Yeah, that's it," he said.

"Ever done it before?"

"No," he said. "It was rough, but we just got a taste of it."

"Are you coming back?"

"Oh, sure, we just got started," the blond boy interjected.

"Well—" I hesitated. "I uh—look—uh—what makes you do it—to want to come down here?"

The dark-haired boy looked into the fire. "It's—I don't know, it's a sorta personal test against yourself. You would just see—it's a way of seeing yourself again."

"Yeah." I moved on, and came across three men grimly pulling their canoe from the river. When I asked them about Bull Sluice they shook their heads

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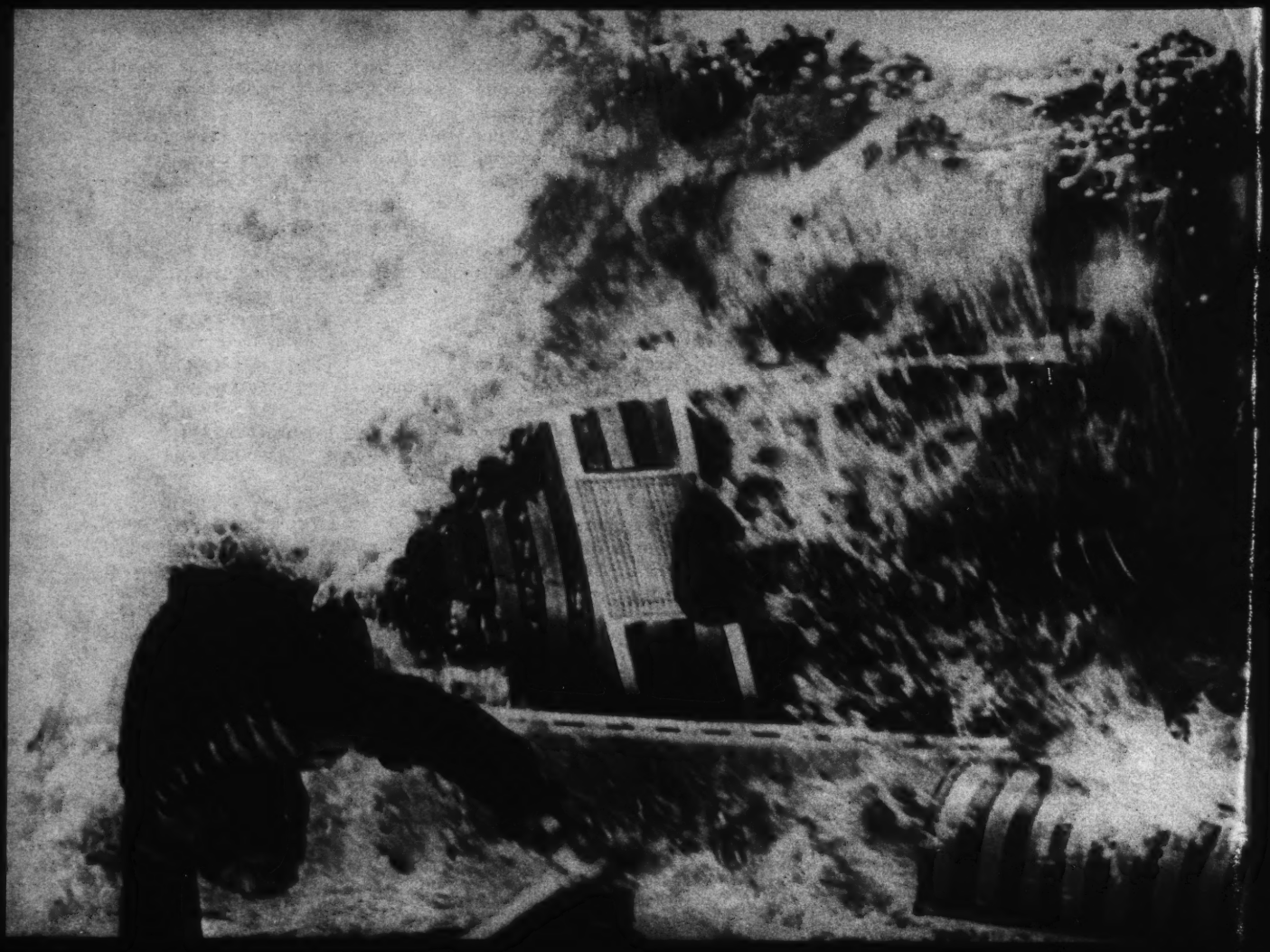

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AL CLAYTON

and would say nothing. It was as if they had just come down from a World War II dogfight and had seen Randall Jarrell's "black flak." They looked sick, in shock. I pictured the rocks jutting abruptly out of the foam which others had described to me, the turns in the enigmatic current which convulsed like epileptic anacondas, snapping and tossing the canoe with a power too strong and too strange to stay beneath the surface.

"Copperhead!" someone suddenly barked.

"Got 'im with a paddle."

"Jackie's got 'im!"

I puffed up a hill to a small gulley where Jackie, his face red and pulsating, had pinned a baby copperhead. Its teeth clicked against the wood as it partially coiled and slammed itself backwards.

"Let 'im go, Jackie," a slim boy said.

"Huh?" Jackie was incredulous. Obviously, all he had ever done was obliterate poisonous snakes, but now he was in the midst of a *new* eco-drunk breed that demanded the land be retained in its present form. The people all around him demanded it—that river, rocks and, yes, fangs, all of it remain.

"Let 'im go," the slim boy repeated.

"He's poison."

"He's more scared of you'n you are uh him."

"Babies kill too," Jackie countered.

"That's right," I said.

"Let 'im go, Jackie."

"He's a mean-un."

"More afraid uh you—."

"What's gonna happen when he's big?"

"He ain't hurtin' you, Jackie."

Jackie looked at the paddle. "He might bite me."

"Well," said the slim boy, "I'd rather him bite you than you kill 'im. Now, let 'im go."

Stone-faced, Jackie lifted the paddle and stepped back. The "baby" disappeared into a slab of wet earth.

The copperhead was as significant as the river. It was another accouterment of danger that the colony had to have, as necessary as any jutting, jagged white-water rock—for when you retreat to danger, demand it, court it, nothing must be missing. I looked at the fires. The sun was almost gone. The game was quiet.

But as I moved along the river bank in the querulously preserved Eco-land, it soon became apparent that indeed, what I was witnessing was the *real* game—more important than the river. Every place I stopped I was stroked with the talk of death, or near misses.

"I fell in!"

Pat and Jerry and Gayle and Rusty were here from Atlanta with the children—Jerry Jr., Michelle, Steve and Tracy. It was impossible to tell who was married to whom, because Jerry looked like Rusty and the wives had the required Southern reticence which produced obscurity and anonymity. They had come from the Atlanta suburbs—every one of them under 30—pilgrims from the white-house, black-roof, insurance-salesman set. But they all had been down the river, had just come off it.

"The way I see it—I mean, at first Jerry didn't even want to go. I had been two other times. But—I talked him into it, didn't I?" Rusty slurped his beer. He and Jerry both possessed zapped-out blond hair and Mediterranean blue eyes which appeared traumatized and somehow unable to focus.

"'At's right!"

"How'd you feel?" I asked Jerry.

"I uh—wow—kept saying if I had one more breath—just one more breath, I knew I could make it."

"What do you mean?"

He gestured in the direction of their dog.

"I mean—me and 'Puppah Dog'—that one—we turned over." Puppah Dog's

At far left, *rafts and supplies are lined up and ready.* Left, *a group smashes through the waters while,* below, *a lone kayak swirls in rougher rapids.* Bottom, *a canoe ravaged by the Chattooga.*

burnt-orange coat became red as the fire began to cast all the light.

"Where?"

"Bull Sluice."

"No!" Bull Sluice was everywhere, but, in fact, it was the last rough set of rapids of the number three section of the river. Since five people had drowned in there, it had become the specter of high campfire terror.

Jerry shook his head. "We were in the raft and all of a sudden we got over to the side, and over we went and I couldn't stay up. They say it's the water and everything's s'pose to keep you up. Hell, I didn't even have a life jacket. Then me and Puppah Dog were side by side. Hell, she spent most of the time outa the raft. She's a swimming fool."

"Sheet," said Rusty, "that dog musta swam five miles."

"I kept going under," said Jerry, "but I knew if I had one more breath I could—."

"The way I look at it—if Burt Reynolds can do it, I can do it," said Rusty. "He's got two arms and two legs."

"I'm—I'll—I'm gonna come back every week as much as I can," Jerry said. "It's just—well you never know what's gonna happen. You could get your brains beat out or you could slide down it like you was on a banana peel."

"You don't know," said Rusty. "You just don't know. The water's quiet, really no noise and the trees—I mean, it's beautiful. You know, no cans and stuff. You can see the woods better than walking or in the car."

"Then the roar starts."

"Yeah, yeah."

"Then you pull into it and one of you's going one way and one's going the other."

"Yeah, and then all you hear is noise and all—you don't even see the sides of the river. The rocks are everywhere."

"And every set of rapids is differ-

ent. If you get thrown out, you try to go down feet-first and keep your butt up and your legs straight and you fall and roll till you hit bottom, then you backpedal with those eddies away from the current."

"But–" Rusty exploded, "but Bull Sluice is a *hydraulic!*"

"What do you mean?"

"That means," Rusty said, "that you can get pulled back under and never come out! Some guys call 'em suckholes. That's what happened to Jerry."

"I got under–"

"He got under and couldn't get out!"

"Hey!" popped a voice from the night. "Hey, does your dog want these bones?" A bee-hive blond appeared above the flames and held out four T-bones with great portions of steak still attached.

"I do believe," Rusty said.

"Where you from?" I asked her.

"Tennessee."

"And you came all this way?"

"People come from California and New Jersey and everywhere," she responded.

"This fellow's writin' something!" Jerry said.

"Well why do *you* come?"

"*Deliverance*!" She smiled.

"That's it?"

"You know, that thing that guy wrote about–"

"Oh, yeah, yeah," I said.

But Jerry and Rusty insisted that Rick Grubbs knew more than anybody. Rick was the most mystical, the most obscure and most experienced of the colony. While Rusty ate the steak bones, Rick pontificated.

"I've been down it hundreds of times now. People don't understand. They can't fool around with this place. There are four sections. Some people start on section one, which runs from Burrell's Ford to Russell's Bridge at Highway 28, which begins section two. But–see–see they really mean to go from Earle's Ford to right here at 76 Bridge–which is a much easier section.

"So they go down section one and wham–there's a 30-foot waterfall. That's where they get in a hell of a lot of trouble." Rick, who is blond, attractive, and from nearby Greenville, S.C., had spent the last three years learning the Chattooga. By the year the movie was being made he had already navigated it over 40 times.

"Those guys," he said, pointing to Jerry and Rusty, "they aren't typical. They aren't dedicated. I want to know all of it. Every bit of it." Rick's dedication caused him to drop out of Clemson University and throw himself fully into the game.

"Those guys aren't–they don't understand. You've got to come in the night before and build a fire. Then you've got to socialize and talk to people about it. And finally, you've got to lie in your tent and see the stars disappear, fading out, and then you know that the river is beside you, you wake up with it, it's a part of you. People say that college or politics or business or any of that is real. But what they don't see is that *this*, this river is more real than any of it. I think–I don't think about anything else but the river. I may go back to Clemson, but right now–"

Right now the river. It is advisable to test myself in the water before actually running the rapids in a rubber raft. So I step toward the current. Now waist deep, my legs are lifted, and the current sucks me as if I were a platelet punched along an artery. I try to follow instructions, to keep my head up, and somehow I move faster than the water itself–the sound and foam filling my eyes. The sun is shattered, splintered in a rush past light. And I am through it too–like Rick and Jerry and Rusty and Randy. I am lifted from the water by my friends. "All right," they say. I have made my first catch in softball, gotten my driver's license, my first haircut, my first girl.

The raft contains a rudder and three friends. I sit up front to watch for rocks. I am warned that I could be bounced out, to lie back. I am told of the boy who tied his leg to the raft because he didn't want to become separated from the craft. He succeeded. He drowned with the line holding him under a hydraulic. Don't be stupid. Think! Use the muscles I thought had long since left me. "Right!" I scream! "No, left!" A hidden rock! The scenery a blur, a Van Gogh finger-painting. A semi-sweet chocolate thrill spreads in my sternum. I see myself as a sliver of some future tale of horror; then a vision of what could happen: *I see my own fall. I come loose from the raft. I try to straighten up, but my eyes close. There is an explosion through the darkness. I am pulled back under the hydraulic–battered, released, jerked in, down, into the pocket of water beneath the rocks. The air is slapped loose from my lungs. When they locate me, I add to the 14 already drowned. "We couldn't find him for days," they said, "and when we did his own wife couldn't tell who he was."*

But, for now I am still inside the raft and it is sideways. Time–is slow–I start–to–warn–my–friends–the–drop. There–is–there–is–are–days–but–no–longer–time–for talk–but–instead–only–time–to–shake–with what–I–was–told–to swing–the raft–back–right rudder–and abruptly the trees regain their shape. The sun is whole. And now I am as close to those around me as a ninth grader at a candlelight service. Because I will recount it, I lived within it. Smiling now, through fried chicken and silence, I relish the special after-game pain which, perhaps, is the most important hurt of all.

"They've been warned," Dickey tells me. "There've been articles and features and radio and television programs saying it's dangerous. But I know why they do it, Frank. They all want the test. So, I've got one thing I want to say." Jim Dickey leans back from the glare of his living-room light. "If you don't know what you're doing or even if you *think* you know what you're doing–stay the hell away." ●

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MOVIES

A failed hack, a ludicrous Don, a quiet entertainment

By Frank Rich

Not everyone can be a hack. It just isn't enough anymore to be superficial, or without inspiration, or intellectually destitute. Patience is also required: the patience to take one task at a time and execute it in a manner that is, as Webster puts it, "trite and commonplace." Harvey Hart, the director responsible for a new movie called **The Pyx,** is, at this point in his career, just too greedy to enter this hallowed fold of mediocrity. Where others are content to turn a fast buck by taking a single successful film by a more talented moviemaker and regurgitating it blandly under a different title, Hart feels compelled to loot not one, but two hit pictures at the same time. This is self-defeating, and *The Pyx* is not so much hackneyed as excessive—far and away too much of a bad thing.

The two hit movies are Pakula's *Klute* and Polanski's *Rosemary's Baby,* and, as these films have precious little in common, Hart has to employ some fancy footwork to touch all of the exploitational bases in his single shaky enterprise. Part of his plan is to tell two stories simultaneously. *The Pyx* opens with the discovery of the mangled body of a high-class Montreal call girl (Karen Black) and, on one hand, deals with the attempt of a hard-nosed detective (Christopher Plummer) to break open the murder case during the ensuing 24 hours. But Hart (with an unnoble assist from screenwriter Robert Schlitt) intersplices this with an account of the hooker's life during the period just before the murder, and proceeds to cut back and forth between the two narratives with the steady rhythm of a metronome.

This constant gear-shifting creates a tension that is more grating than exciting, and since the stories tend to cancel each other out, Hart ends up with something that a lot of people, with good reason, may well confuse with nothing. It's simply impossible to care about the disposition of the detective's case until we know something about the deceased and those people who potentially could have done her in—facts which, under the director's scheme, aren't established with any clarity until it's almost time to go home. Even so, it all turns out to be a cheat, for it's not the identity of the murderer but the technique of the crime that's meant to serve as the film's final jolt. And that technique is, for 1973, roughly as novel as a lynching party.

Karen Black, who "doesn't stand a chance" in Hart's The Pyx.

Hart weds the *Klute* aspects of his double-tale to *Rosemary's Baby* by littering the film with quasi-sociological detail about the main character's middle-class Catholic background and trying to relate it, structurally if not philosophically, to the shenanigans of a spectacularly unintriguing Satanist cult complete with its bloody inverted crosses and animal sacrifices. Placed in the unfortunate position of having to bring a shade of Mia Farrow to a character only vaguely removed from the one Jane Fonda played so memorably a few years back, star Karen Black doesn't stand a chance. Perhaps to make up for her failure to bring much in the way of new insights to her derivative role, she has also taken to composing (with the aid of "music consultant" Bob Johnston) and singing three soundtrack songs that are presumably meant to put across the soulful melancholy of an intelligent, smack-shooting prostitute's lot in life. It's droning, self-serious stuff—a superfluous accentuation of *The Pyx's* pervasive and totally unrewarding gloom.

Hart could probably learn a thing or two from Richard Fleischer, not much of a director himself (*The Boston Strangler; Doctor Doolittle; Tora! Tora! Tora!*), but one who at least knows how to keep his eye on one main chance at a time. In **The Don is Dead,** Fleischer contents himself with merely ripping off *The Godfather,* and, like the umpteen other attempts to cash in on this mobster epic in recent months, his movie is (in that much-maligned phrase) a third-rate burglary. This film probably wouldn't be worth mentioning at all, for that matter, were it not for the picture's last 35 minutes. They are a scream.

Judging from the hour-and-a-half that preceeds *The Don's* climax, I assume the humor is unintentional, much as I would like to believe the reverse. The excuse for all the merriment, needless to say, is an obligatory gang war between a bunch of Mafia families in "the city" where the movie takes place. (For some reason the film's setting is never more clearly defined than "the city" or, as some characters put it, "this city"—and even the many Cadillacs' license plates fail to specify the locale.) Of course the war means a lot of blood and mayhem, but the killing is so joyously hyper-theatrical that it's all but impossible to be offended by it. Audiences may well find themselves divided as to

which death to treasure most. My personal favorite is that of Vince (Al Lettieri), who gets gunned down with enough lead to sink a ship, but somehow stays alive long enough to do a boog-a-loo dance of death that allows him to knock over stacks of food crates in an alley. Conveniently enough, his head can then land in one when he collapses to his final, if belated, rest. But there's something to be said as well for the double-crosser who, after being shot by waiters at his own birthday party, still has the presence of mind to pull the tablecloth and candle-laden cake down with him to the floor. A picturesque touch, to say the least.

The hysteria builds to such delicious levels that it's not even worth thinking about who is killing whom and why. At times various members of the cast intrude to try to explain, but the acting is so atrocious that such interludes only add to the fun. Robert Forster, in what is in essence the James Caan part, seems semi-crazed throughout, and Angel Tompkins, as a would-be Vegas singer, turns the line "Can I use the powder room?" into one of the more ludicrous moments to be found in any American film this year. The biggest miscalculation of all, though, is the casting of Anthony Quinn as the number one godfather. Quinn is so intrinsically kind-spirited that it's hard to believe he'd knock off a meatball, not to mention an enemy. When someone describes him at one point as being "too mean to die," it seems as rash as accusing the Easter Bunny of sex crimes. While I'd hardly suggest that anyone rush out and see anything like *The Don Is Dead*, you could do worse than to catch the last reel or two if it turns up as part of an otherwise meritorious drive-in triple bill.

England Made Me, a film adaptation of Graham Greene's 1935 novel, is hardly the kind of picture to raise anyone's body temperature, but, in its own quiet way, it is exquisite entertainment that is uncannily in tune with this Watergate era. The setting (switched from the book's Stockholm) is mainly mid-'30s Germany, with all the attendant decadence and cruelty, but the perspective of director Peter Duffell (who also co-wrote the screenplay with Desmond Cory) is almost definitively British in its sense of discretion. This is a far cry from the florid grand opera of Visconti's *The Damned* and the showbiz razzle-dazzle of Fosse's *Cabaret*.

While *England Made Me* offers glimpses of the brutalization of Jews, the kinky sexual hanky-panky of the Nazis and the bizarre cabaret nightlife, none of these phenomena are ever at the center of attention. Duffell focuses instead on a

The consummately British Michael York, caught in the tide of Peter Finch's corruption in Duffell's England Made Me.

triangular human relationship that, in itself, often makes the moral tenor of the time and place explicit.

The movie unfolds around Anthony Ferrant, a man without a future and a consummate English good-guy of the appeasement era. Tony is well-mannered, good-looking, aimless, a smidgen too weak, and quite unlike his strong-willed sister Kate, who is both the key aide and mistress of German industrialist Erik Krogh. When Tony visits his sister and her boss, he discovers that, despite a civilized veneer, they are amoral crooks with methods no more kosher than those of the Third Reich they are trying to bilk. It's up to him to do the right thing or be swept up in the tide of corruption, but to make the decent choice means severing an emotional bond with his sister—a bond every bit as tight as the one that connects him to his ingrained national values.

For this kind of movie, Michael York, the neutral catalyst of *Cabaret* and Harold Prince's *Something for Everyone*, is as essential a part of the surroundings as swastika armbands. He hits his usual enigmatic stride as Tony, and though the role is not bisexual this time around, there is at least a heavy enough scent of incest in the air to keep us alert. Hildegard Neil's Kate is appropriately tough-as-nails, but with an occasional distant glimmer of vulnerability that makes the affection she inspires in the two men credible.

Nonetheless it's hard to imagine that this film would be the same without Peter Finch as Krogh. The way this actor plays him, the character has far greater depth than the script alone might imply. The magnate becomes something other than just another thug-tycoon and is instead a figure of complexity and charm, magnetic one minute and a bit frightened the next. It's crucial to *England Made Me* that Krogh also lack roots and culture, and Finch, who has to be one of the most intelligent movie actors of his generation, brings this off without making the character appear to be a boor.

Director Duffell's skills extend beyond his wise casting, which also includes Joss Ackland as a genteel but deadly Krogh henchman and Michael Hordern, England's best male equivalent to the late Margaret Rutherford, as a down-and-out trench-coated journalist. Even though the director is not too splashy or original about it, he does have an appreciation for the art deco severity of the period's physical demeanor, just as he has for the nuances of his characters. His talent may well prove to be too tidy and limited over the long haul, but talent it most clearly is.●

BOOKS

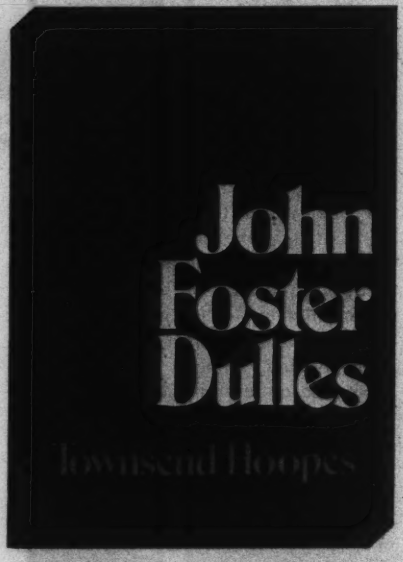
The man who might have prevented the Vietnam War and eased the Arab-Israeli deadlock

The Devil and John Foster Dulles by Townsend Hoopes, Atlantic-Little, Brown, 562 pp., $12.50.

When Richard Nixon sat down to eat sweet-and-sour crow in Peking last year, that clanking noise you heard in the background was John Foster Dulles revolving in the hallowed ground of Arlington. For in so many qualities, Dulles was Nixon's mentor and exemplar; shrewd lawyers, nimble tacticians, fierce partisans, they shared as well an almost pathological dedication to anti-Communism, sanctified by the certainty that God was on America's side—and anyone who wasn't was in league with the devil. None of your pious peaceful coexistence or pansy talk of "containment" for these two zealous cold warriors; rather, let's tear down the Iron Curtain, liberate the Hungarians and the Chinese from their Soviet tormentors, and roll back Bolshevism to the banks of the Volga. And all the world that was not yoked to the Pentagon by military treaty became the legitimate object of our profound suspicion, unflagging enmity and, if the brink broke, atomic wrath.

It took Richard Nixon 20 bloody years to leave off worshiping at the Dulles shrine. Lyndon Johnson never did, and history will scorn him for it. What it will say of the man who unleashed Dulles in the first place—Dwight Eisenhower— is less certain, though Townsend Hoopes' new book will likely contribute significantly to the judgment. Already, though, it has become clear that if he did nothing else of note during his eight years in the White House (and there is that school of thought), Eisenhower opened his administration by naming to high office two men of remarkable dynamism who left a lasting imprint on all our lives. One of them was Chief Justice Earl Warren, about whom no important book has yet to appear. The same might have been said of Secretary of State Dulles before Mr. Hoopes' astringent portrait.

Grandson of one Secretary of State, nephew of another, grandson (on the other side) of a Far Eastern missionary, son of a Presbyterian minister, valedictorian of his class at Princeton, junior diplomat at Versailles, senior partner of Wall Street's haughty Sullivan & Cromwell at 38, Dulles traveled nonstop



from rural boyhood in upstate New York to the pinnacle of aristocratic power in America long before he took command at Foggy Bottom in 1953 at the age of 65. His performance there is open to either of two sharply varying estimates:

The Good Foster Dulles—A man of courage, devotion, intellect and integrity, he was the Free World's tireless firefighter, quenching the flames of Communist contagion when others would have shied from the menace or fled it. Nerveless brinkman, ready to go eyeball to eyeball with Khrushchev over Berlin, Chou over Quemoy or Nasser over Aswan, he was the bulwark, he was the linchpin, and nobody was going to push around old Uncle Samuel as long as Foster was in pin stripes.

The Bad Foster Dulles—An arrogant, sanctimonious, bullying manipulator, he antagonized our friends, strengthened the resolve of our foes, and damned the Third World in between as immoral. He formulated no constructive policies (such as the Marshall Plan), took no initiatives toward peace or reduced armaments, and embraced a wide assortment of tyrants in other nations (among them Spain, Portugal, Saudi Arabia, Taiwan, Pakistan, Thailand, South Vietnam, Cuba and, at one time or another, most of Latin America) whose sole redeeming virtue was virulent anti-Communism.

Mr. Hoopes is rather inclined toward the latter view, though he does not crucify the man: "He lacked in large measure the statesman's dispassionate vision and the courage to peer across the perilous divide to the bristling trenches of alien ideology." For all his wiles, Dulles is convincingly displayed here as having been incapable of gauging the strength of the other fellow's convictions or the legitimacy of his claims, and so he was forever polarizing nations and events instead of trying to reconcile them. He could not countenance the nationalist aspirations of new or fragile nations who wished to be clients of neither Washington nor Moscow. He did not grasp that the Soviets, watching him ring Russia with bilateral and multilateral military alliances by the dozen (involving 42 nations in all), had some justification for not viewing him as a vicar of Christ.

Nor were his most memorable utterances felicitous or reassuring—to either side. "Massive retaliation" may have conjured a terrifyingly graphic spectacle in Kiev (not to mention Topeka), but as a strategic doctrine it had remarkably little to do with the kinds of subversion, civil insurrection and "volunteer" armies of liberation that were to prove Commu-

nism's most effective weapons. It was a proposal, as Mr. Hoopes puts it, "to transform the awesome nuclear capability from an instrument of the last resort to one of first resort"—a change of dubious utility.

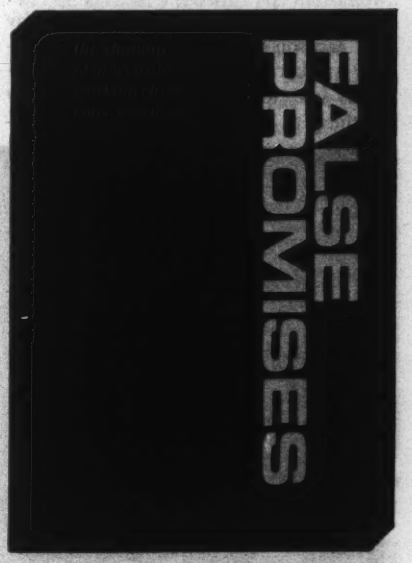
The price of his chronically negative, mischievously *ad hoc* diplomacy is calculable, or at least readily inferable, from *The Devil and John Foster Dulles.* For the two longest-running political sores on the face of the globe—Vietnam and the Arab-Israeli deadlock—the ghost of Foster Dulles must rest uneasy. The fires in Indochina might have been slaked at the Geneva peace conference of 1954, but Dulles could not stomach a neutralized Indochina: he wanted to *win*, the popularity of Ho Chi Minh notwithstanding, and so he torpedoed the conference: America declined to sign the carefully negotiated agreement, ergo no one signed, and the subsequent mayhem was licensed. In 1956, Dulles peevishly withdrew the U.S. offer to finance the Aswan Dam, by far his most imaginative and humanitarian piece of diplomacy, when Egypt's Nasser proved less than easily pliable. Whereupon Nasser seized the Suez Canal as a means of funding the dam, and Britain, France and Israel plotted invasion, and a state of turmoil has persisted ever since.

If Dulles served us well by convincing the Communist world that the capitalist democracies would not yield ground without a fight, he served us ill by his failure to sense that imperialism is a matter of spirit as well as territory. John Foster Dulles wanted America to run the world, to be the arbiter of its disputes and the broker of its moral and political transactions. Beyond the pretense that something noble has resulted from the agony in Vietnam, one can hope that Richard Nixon and his America have spurned at last the self-defeating aspects of the Dulles legacy and finally learned the limits of American wealth, dominion, blood and divine inspiration.—**Richard Kluger**

False Promises: The Shaping of American Working Class Consciousness by Stanley Aronowitz, McGraw-Hill, 465 pp., $10.

The book is hard to read, the language stodgy, often rhetorical. But Stanley Aronowitz—former International Representative for the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union, former staff organizer for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, teacher, writer, political character known around Old and New Left circles—has written the most important volume about the nature of class relationships in the United States since C. Wright Mills' breakthrough studies, *The Power Elite* and *White Collar.*

False Promises: The Shaping of American Working Class Consciousness is a myth buster. In this peculiar political era when popular folklore has it that "revolutionary" means Abbie Hoffman and "worker" means Archie Bunker, Aronowitz reminds us that there is much genuine discontent among the men and women who staff the nation's assembly lines. He successfully debunks the following myths: that American workers are invariably conservative, bigoted, stupid and unconscious of their own class needs; that ideology is dead and that we're all living in a vaguely



classless society; that social mobility has been a reality for several successive generations of immigrant workers; that consumer society has been so satisfying to working people that they have abandoned all desire to do battle with their bosses.

Aronowitz begins his study with a bone-chilling description of life for General Motors employees at that firm's Lordstown, Ohio, plant. For a brief instant, we understand how grinding and soul-corroding the daily realities of industrial existence are. "Every day," one Lordstown man, age 20, tells Aronowitz, "I come out of there feeling ripped off. I'm getting the shit kicked out of me and I'm helpless to stop it. A good day's work is being tired but not exhausted. . . . I don't feel useful now. They could replace me. I don't feel necessary." He describes young dope-smoking Lordstown workers who consider themselves hippies and anarchists, and black militant GM employees who battle both the company and the union in an attempt to find their humanity. None of this fits into the happy-go-lucky Archie Bunker stereotype.

From Lordstown, the book moves into an extraordinarily comprehensive history of the American working class and its relationship to the trade union movement. We learn how industrialists used the various immigrant groups against each other, how women were pushed into role-defined work, how blacks were excluded from non-agricultural labor, how the frontier served as a steamvalve for the anger of the native working poor. A fully radical class consciousness never evolved here, because "Unlike the British working class, which developed its political and class consciousness as a result of common experience and struggle, the industrial working class of the United States was formed mainly out of desperate migrants from both feudal and early industrial societies in Europe and within America who spoke different tongues and shared no common community."

Stanley Aronowitz observes that American workers are not as militant as they might be, but he sees nothing new on the horizon. The institutions which previously buffered and protected working people from the miseries of industrial life are disappearing: religion, the extended family, ethnic ties, a cohesive inner-city neighborhood, a definitive working class culture. Separated from these traditional protections, the late-20th century worker is experiencing an alienation that goes well beyond his separation from the profits of his labor; he has no territory left where he can find comfort. This alienation, Aronowitz feels, may lead to convulsions that will make the '70s very unsilent.

While the author's research and reportage is brilliant, his language often lapses into a maddeningly boring style best described as "scientific Marxese." (e.g. "It must be recognized that the radical movement itself has reflected the inability of workers to transcend the internalization of the social division of labor in their own character structure as well as in their organizations." etc. etc.) One wishes Aronowitz could have found a more communicative way to say all that. One wishes also that he had spent less space on theoretical writing and more on reporting exactly what it is like to be an industrial worker in modern society.

These objections aside, *False Promises* performs a valuable service in turning our minds to the potentially radical, but not very chic folk who work for a living. As the nation approaches it's bicentennial, it is going to have to come to a resolution of the things that divide it—race, gender *and* class. This book helps bring us there.—**Claudia Dreifus**

A small-time night in the life of one very big-time artist

By Janet Maslin

There's something downright insulting about this, having to perform excerpts from the year's best-written album standing smack underneath a Dr. Pepper logo. But Jackson Browne, West Coast wunderkind and poet laureate of the laid-back sound, has performed under far worse circumstances (warming up housefuls of 14-year-old America fans, for instance) and survived to make jokes about it. Besides, hardly anyone can actually see the sign, because this is a live radio concert. The studio audience is small, 50 subdued listeners, plus several insidious cases of Dr. Pepper on ice (even though the Pepper empire obviously has some stake in this small Long Island FM station, a few rebellious cognoscenti are gathered around the Coke machine in the hallway). The ambiance may be tacky, what with that sign and microphones that keep falling apart in mid-song, but Jackson looks genuinely grateful to have finally found an audience that's all his. Tonight he's the main attraction, with no one else on the bill to steal his thunder.

The set is a good one, although it's no match for either of his superb Asylum albums, last year's *Jackson Browne* or the recently released *For Everyman*. When it's over, a husky, overdressed announcer joins lean, work-shirted Jackson at the mike and begins to make small talk, reading his end of the conversation off a wad of index cards.

"It's a real pleasure to have you with us, Jackson," recites the announcer, "and of course we've all been looking forward to this for a very long time. Speaking of things we're looking forward to, it's been a while since we've had anything recorded from you. Anything coming?"

"Thanks, man, it's great to be here," replies Jackson in kind. "And as a matter of fact, I got a new album called *For Everyman* that'll be out in six days."

"Six days! Say, that's one heck of a coincidence. And speaking of coincidences, Jackson, do you know what *today* is?" Jackson's band, who have been quietly snickering among themselves, suddenly snap to and begin singing "Happy Birthday to Uncle Jazbo," for today Jackson, the boy wonder, turns 25. The radio station has supplied a gummy ice cream cake—and *another* vat of Dr. Pepper—to commemorate the occasion.

Once they're off the air, Jackson

Jackson Browne, *"poet-laureate of the laid-back sound,"* performing live.

chats amiably with a few female admirers, then goes off to grumble at an Asylum man, something about making sure they get the right colors for the official Jackson Browne shirt (he's the perennial stickler, which is part of why the second album has been delayed for so long). Then he and the band hop into their rented limo, and on the way home Jackson tries out his John Wayne imitation. Doug Haywood, his bass player, retaliates with a series of hair-raising bread puns ("loafing," "slice of life," "half-baked," etc.). And David Lindley, a brilliant lead guitarist who looks like a demented leprechaun, alternately mutters to himself and cackles at his own jokes. When they arrive back in Manhattan, the band squabbles briefly over who's going to sleep where (they're still at the low-budget stage of doubling up hotel rooms), and then they split up, heading for various Seventh Avenue delicatessens. All in all, it's been one more small-time evening in the life of one heck of a big-time artist.

Jackson may not be much of a commercial success yet, but he's been something of a cult figure since 1966, when he first left his L.A. home base and spent six weeks in lower Manhattan, getting involved in what he sometimes calls "cabaret life—actually, that's a very sparkling way to put it." The cabarets were the Dom and Max's Kansas City ("really, that's one of the least interesting places I've ever been," Jackson says). Jackson's boyish good looks, plus what he now thinks of as his "naivete," helped quickly make his reputation as an underground favorite. His songs helped, too. By 1968 he'd had two tunes ("These Days," "Colors of the Sun") included on a Tom Rush album. Composed when he was 17 and 18, respectively, those songs have aged remarkably well; Jackson worked up new arrangements of both for the new album, and friend Gregg Allman just recorded "These Days" for his solo debut.

In 1970, David Crosby made it official in *Rolling Stone*. "I think Jackson Browne is one of the probably 10 best songwriters around . . . he's a stunner. The cat just sings rings around most people, and he's got songs that'll make your hair stand on end." Even then, long before he was ready to record anything, Jackson came across as something special. He may have looked, talked and carried on like your standard California singing hippie, but no one else wrote quite so carefully, or so well. And no one else had anything like his gift for singling out universally affecting subject matter, then writing about it in such a private way. He had both a richer fantasy life than most of his songwriter contemporaries—the same love affair with a Mexican girl in L.A. would suggest both a mystical, restorative journey to a primitive land ("Our Lady of the Well") and a poignant evocation of the break-up blues ("My Opening Farewell")—and a rare talent for shaping his daydreams into real poetry. He had even appropriated some of the most venerated tricks of the trade. "Everybody writes bad lines sometimes," he once explained, when pressed on the matter. "I just know where to hide mine."

Jackson now finds himself the nexus of a group of very talented, borderline-successful songwriters whose styles are so similar that they even get involved in one another's records. His best-known cronies are the Eagles, but the group also includes John David Souther and Ned Doheny; they all record for Asylum, and both Jackson and Souther had a hand in the Eagles' *Desperado* album. He talks

"Oh, God, don't print this, but. . ."

about his friends quite a lot, especially to the press. When I first met him a year and a half ago, he kept insisting that this bar band in L.A. had a terrific song ("Take It Easy," which he co-wrote) that was sure to make their fortune, and of course he had it dead right.

Now, back home in L.A. several weeks after the radio show, he wants to talk about Jack Tempchin and Warren Zevon, two songwriters who are as yet unrecorded but have also signed up with Asylum. In fact, he wants to sing some of Zevon's material, but Jackson's style is somewhat cramped by 3,000 miles worth of telephone static and an apparent head cold. Still, Zevon has at least one song ("Poor, Poor Pitiful Me") with all the earmarks of what the trade papers sometimes call "A Go-rilla," ie. a hit. "Warren's my big hero," says Jackson. "Personally, I'd like him to make a living, but I wouldn't like him to make too good a living. In fact, I don't give a rat's ass if he even becomes famous—because I've got his tapes and I play 'em *all the time!*" Then he sings another one, gives it a moment to sink in, and offers up his own endorsement: "Ain't that fuckin' hot?"

Part of why Jackson likes to talk about his friends so much is that it keeps him from talking about himself, a subject that always leads to trouble. He is forever being indiscreet about something (any conversation-for-publication with him involves a repeating chorus: "Oh, god, don't print this either, but . . ."). And towards the end of every talk I've had with him he's always lapsed into full-speed paranoia, because he can never remember what he's said; his speech is every bit as unguarded as his writing is precise. This time he's even more nervous than usual because his girlfriend's just been to the doctor that day and their baby is due any minute. They haven't yet agreed on what the name will be: "I was pushin' pretty hard for Rollon if it was a boy—you know, like Roll-on-down-the-line—but she thought it sounded too much like a deodorant."

We are into our second hour of song fragments and off-the-record anecdotes when he reaches the panic point this time. There comes a long pause, some sputtering (Jackson's speaking voice, when disembodied by a telephone, sounds a lot like Tommy Smothers'), and finally a jittery suggestion that I just use what he said about his record, since everything else he's been telling me is so *boring*, who'd be interested? Only thing is, even most of the album's anecdotes have been declared off limits. Take the story of the jacket photographs, two faded shots of similar scenes, one with Jackson and one without. The locale, a lovely dark grotto with a fountain and banana tree, turns out to be the patio of the Browne ancestral manse—and there's a bit more to the story, but. . . Jackson starts dreaming up a plan. "If you wanna say that it's a picture of my father, that I'm the spitting image of him, that my grandfather built this house and this photograph was taken of my *father*—if you wanna make up an outrageous, beautiful lie, I'll go along with you."

Several more secrets roll by before he decides it's time to revise even the lie. "You know what?" he says. "If you were to spread the rumor that that's actually a picture of my father"—and he pauses conspiratorially—"no one would believe you." ●

FINAL TRIBUTE

Let JFK belong to history now, not to nostalgia profiteers

By Mark Goodman

It's November again, time for all devout Americans to produce credentials establishing their membership in the John F. Kennedy Memorial Fife & Necrophilia Marching Band. Well, here are mine: I am by accident of ancestry what Kennedy made himself in spirit—part Celtic, part Anglican. I am also, by accident of birth, a native of Big D; I received my textbooks from the Texas Schoolbook Depository and attended the same elementary school where those engaging moppets hailed the first dark bulletin of November 22, 1963, with applause.

Further, my recollections of that day are vivid. I was in the hospital. The doctor came in just as the news slashed through the room. "Jesus, somebody shot the President?" he asked. Then, brandishing my X-rays: "Come on in, Private Goodman, let's have a look at that hand."

If there is a moral lurking in there, it is that life, like it or not, is carried along by a succession of inescapable commonplaces, with an occasional time-out for the gaudy passion or the Olympian tragedy. Kennedy died 10 years ago, a savage death that shook us out of the American Dream. We remained adhered to our television sets for three days, grieving and crying in real pain. Still, when it was all over, most of us went back to our private and public business.

The public business commands a tolerable amount of our attention these days, but it is being crowded hard this month by the 10th anniversary of the Kennedy ghoul show. Take a look around at the deification of JFK in magazines, movies and television specials. Now, some mythologizing is understandable—plain forgivable—given the temper of the times and the temperament of JFK's second successor. We have not, since John Kennedy's death, had much in the way of models, of stars on which to guide our destiny. LBJ didn't get it in substance (B-52 diplomacy) or in style (bathroom audiences). Even before Watergate, I doubt that any American child ever clutched his father's hand and whispered, "Daddy, when I grow up, I want to be furtive like President Nixon." True, the style of the New Frontier sometimes resembled a tony, rep-tie carnival show, but it was always worth the price of admission. If Kennedy's barkers told us that the creature inside was 30-feet long and alive, we paid our money and marveled at a creature that was, by God, 30-feet long and alive. Nixon and his pitchmen, as we have seen, are likely to feature 43 dead angleworms tied together.

But it is the very lesson of Nixon and his quest for monarchy that should deflect us from the deification of Kennedy. Gods do no wrong, and John Kennedy did a grave measure of it—as did Lincoln, as did Roosevelt. The trail of bloodstained camouflage leading from the Bay of Pigs to Fort Bragg to the sarcophagus of Indochina is not a pretty sight. It serves the country poorly, at a time when we desperately need to figure out just how the *hell* we got ourselves into our present fix, to ignore the iron fact that John Kennedy had a hand in bringing us here. Moreover, in our confusion and moral desuetude, we handed over to a thirdstring tackle, a man of infinite cynicism, the reins to the white horse he so dearly wanted to ride.

Kennedy, of course, did other things too, many of them admirable, a few heroic. Fine. The man and his execution of office should now be the province of serious historians, not the nostalgia profiteers or the wailers at the temple. And Kennedy will hold his own in the history books. He belongs there with hard, flawed, capable men like Jackson and Truman, not in the pop pantheon woven of foolscap around Garland and Monroe.

Events whirr about us so fast that we cannot afford to squander the spiritual resources that lachrymose idolatry demands. Let us prop JFK's jaunty Irish soul upon the bar, and fill the room with the clever, lucid men and lovely, credible women that so pleased him, and drink a healthy toast to those thousand shimmering, silver days when he made our blood beat high and our vision clear and bright. Then let us turn out the lights, and go back out into the angry dawn of the '70s; and for God and country's sake, let him be. ●

Goodman, formerly on the staff of Time, is writing a book about prisons.

DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")

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JOHN ALAN STOCK

HOME: Chesapeake, Virginia

AGE: 28

PROFESSION: Architect/Urban Planner

HOBBIES: Animated cinematography, tennis, wine-making.

LAST BOOK READ: "Capitalism, the Unknown Ideal" by Ayn Rand

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Preliminary design for Underwater Housing Development Study for human occupancy.

QUOTE: "The urban planner in the 20th century must lead people from the world of the practical into the realm of dreams and then back again in a way that makes dreams possible."

PROFILE: An individualist. A creative thinker. Optimistic about the future of mankind, yet concerned enough to take a leadership role.

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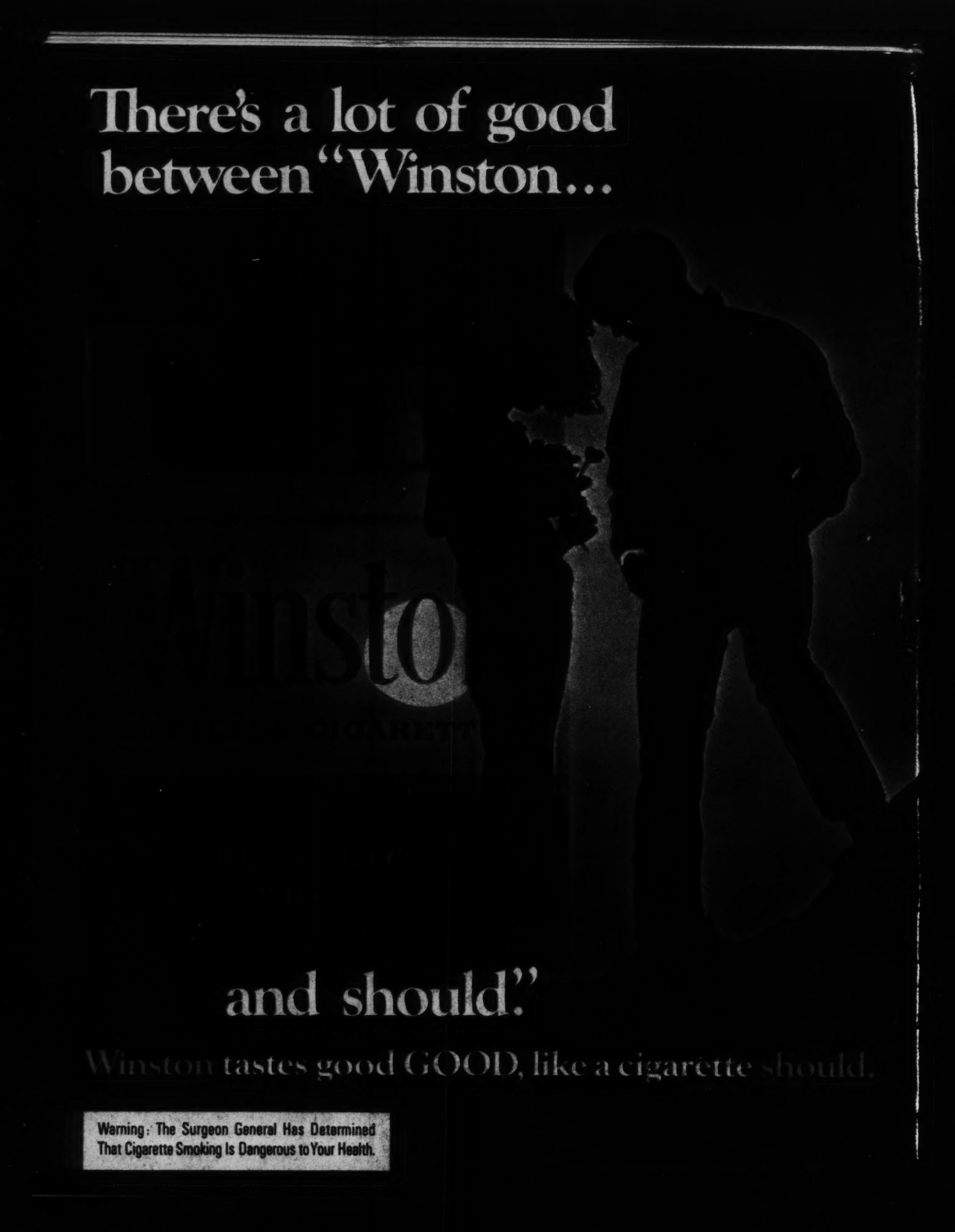

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